

XG  
.3975  
48

Head Title cut into six square pieces.

Accessions

149.617

Shelf No.

XG.3975.48

Barton Library.



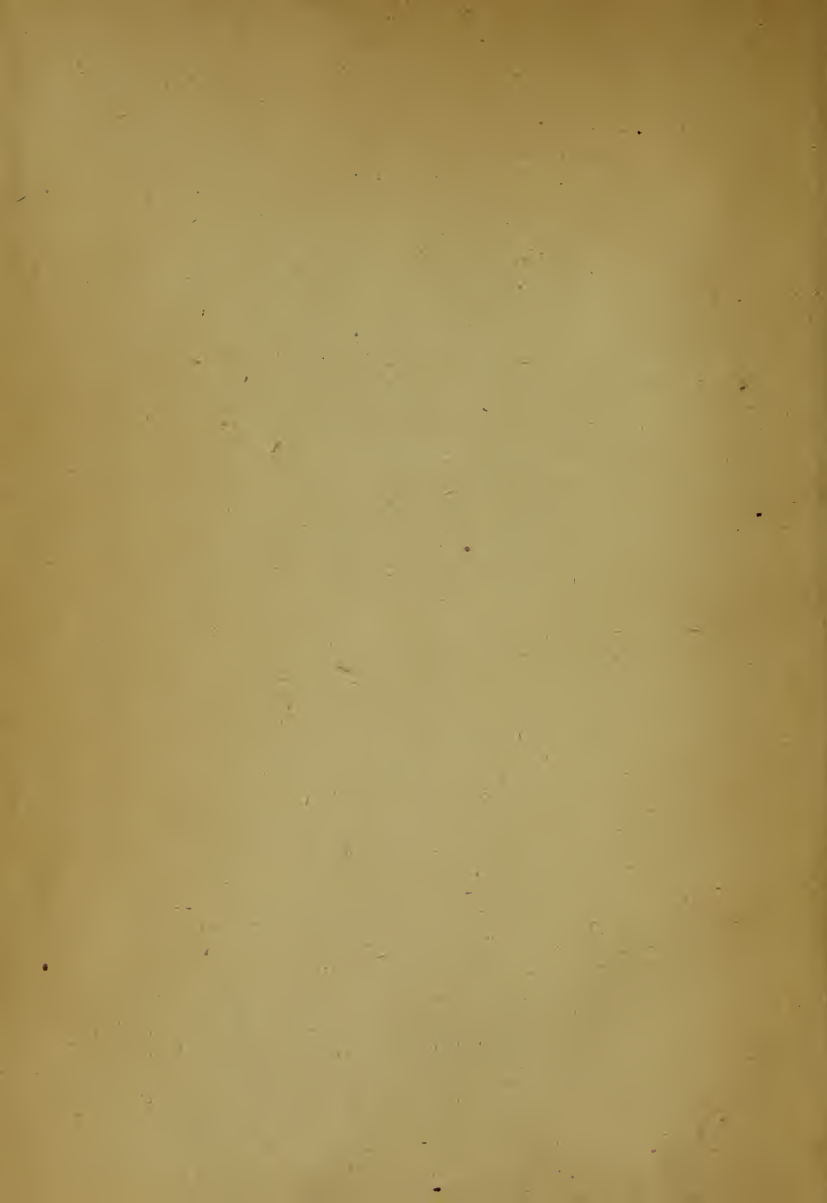
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*











A NEW  
WONDER,  
A *True Story*  
WOMAN  
NEVER VEXT.

A  
PLEASANT CONCEITED  
Comedy: sundry times Acted;  
never before printed.

Written by WILLIAM ROWLEY, one  
of his Maesties Servants.



LONDON,  
Imprinted by G. P. for Francis Constable, and are to be sold  
at his shop at the signe of the Crane in Saint Pauls  
Churchyard, 1632.

XG  
.3975  
.48

149,617

May, 1873.



A NEW  
VVONDER,  
A  
VVOMAN NEVER  
VEXT.

---

*Actus Primus.*

---

*Enter Old Foster, Alderman Bruyne and two Factors, Richard, and George.*

*Old Foster.*

*His ayce has a sweet breath Master Bruyne.*

*Br. Your partner Sir.*

*O. Fost.* I, and in good I hope, this halcion gale  
Playes the lewd wanton with our dancing  
sayles,

And makes 'm big with vaporous envy.

*Br.* Tis no more yet, but then our fraight is full  
When shee returnes laden with merchandize  
And safe deliver'd with our customage.

*O. Fost.* Such a delivery heaven send us,  
But time must ripen it: are our accounts made even?

*Geor.* To the quantity of a penny, if his agree with mine:  
What's yours *Richard*?

*Ric.* Five hundred sixty pounds;



Read the grosse summe of your broad cloathes;

*Geor.* 68. peices at B, ff, and l; 57. at l, ff, and o.

*Ric.* Iust; leade, xix tunne.

*O. Fost.* As evenly we will lay our bosomes as our bottomes  
With love as merchandise, and may they both increase  
To infinites.

*Br.* Especially at home; that golden traffique love  
Is scantier far than gold; and one myne of that.  
More worth than twenty Argos eyes  
Of the worlds richest treasure.

*O. Fost.* Here you shall dig, and finde your lading.

*Br.* Here's your exchange; and as in love  
So wee'le participate in merchandize.

*O. Fost.* The merchants casualty:  
Wealwayes venture on uncertaine ods,  
Altho we beare hopes Embleme the anchor with us.  
The winde brought it, let the wind blow't away agen;  
Should not the Sea sometimes be partner with us  
Our wealth would swallow us.

*Br.* A good resolve: but now I must be bold  
To touch you with somewhat that concernes you.

*O. Fost.* I could prevent you; is't not my unthrifty brother?

*Br.* Nay, leave our the adjective (unthrifty,)  
Your brother Sir, tis he that I would speake of.

*O. Fost.* He cannot be nam'd without unthrifty Sir,  
Tis his proper Epithite, would you conceite  
But what my love has done for him  
So oft, so chargeable, and so expensive;  
You would not urge another addition.

*Br.* Nay Sir, you must not stay at quantity  
Till he forfeit the name of brother  
Which is inseparable, hee's now in Ludgate Sir,  
And part of your treasure lyes buried with him.

*O. Fost.* I, by vulgar blemish; but not by any good account;  
There let him howle, tis the best stay he hath;  
For nothing but a prison can containe him  
So boundlesse is his ryot; twice have I rayse

His decayed fortunes to a faire estate  
 But with as fruitlesse charity, as if I had throwne  
 My safe landed substance backe into the Sea,  
 Or dresse in pittie some corrupted Iade,  
 And he should kick me for my courtesie.  
 I am sure you cannot but heare, what quicke-  
 Sands he findes out, as Dice, Cards, Pigeon-holes,  
 And which is more, should I not restraine it,  
 Hee'd make my state his prodigality.

*Br.* All this may be Sir, yet examples dayly shiew  
 To our eyes, that Prodigalls returne at last  
 And the lowdest roarer, (as our Citty phrase is)  
 Will speake calme and smooth; you must helpe with hope Sir,  
 Had I such a brother, I should thinke that heaven had  
 Made him as an instrument for my best charity  
 To worke upon; This is a Maxime sure, Some  
 Are made poore, that rich men by giving may  
 Encrease their store. Nor thinke Sir, that I doe  
 Tax your labors and meane my selfe for to stand  
 Idly by, for I have vowd if heaven but blesse  
 This voyage now abroad, to leave some  
 Memorable relique after me, that shall  
 Preserve my name alive till Doomesday.

*O. Fost.* I Sir, that worke is good, and therein could I  
 Ioyne with your good intents, but to relieve  
 A wast-good, a spendthrift. —

*Br.* O no more, no more good Sir.

*O. Fost.* Sirra, when saw you my son Robert?

*Ric.* This morning Sir, he said he would goe visit his Vncle.

*O. Fost.* I pay for their meetings I'me sure; that boy  
 Makes prize of all his fingers light on  
 To relieve his unthrifty Vncle.

*Br.* Does he rob, introth I commend him.

*O. Fost.* Tis partly your fault, Sirra you see'r, and suffer it.

*Ric.* Sir, mine's a servants duty, his a sonnes,  
 Nor know I better how to expresse my love  
 Vnto your selfe, than by loving your son.

*O. Fost.* By concealing of his pilferings.

*Ric.* I dare not call them so; he is my second Master,  
And methinkes tis far above my limits  
Either to checke, or to complaine of him.

*Br.* Gramercy *Dick*, thou mak'st a good construction,  
And your son *Robert* a naturall Nephewes part  
To relieue his poore Vncle.

*O. Fost.* Tis in neither well; Sir, for note but the  
Condition of my estate; I'me lately marryed  
To a wealthy Widow from whom my substance  
Chiefely does arise, she has observed this in her  
Son in law, often complaines and grudges at it,  
And what foule broyles such civill discords bring,  
Few married men are ignorant of:

*Enter Mistris Foster.*

Nay will you see a present prooffe of it.

*M. Fost.* Shall I not live to breath a quiet houre?  
I would I were a beggar with content  
Rather than thus be thwarted for mine owne.

*O. Fost.* Why what's the matter Woman?

*M. Fost.* Ple rowse 'm up, tho you regard not of my just  
complaints  
Neither in love to me, nor preserving me from others  
Injuries, both which y'are tyed to. by all the rightfull  
Lawes heavenly or humane, but Ile complaine  
Sir, where I will be heard.

*O. Fost.* Nay, thou'lt be heard too farre.

*M. Fost.* Nay Sir, I will be heard: some awkward starre  
Threw out his unhappy fire at my conception  
And twill never quench while I have heate in me:  
Would I were cold, there would be bonafires made  
To warme defame, my death would be a Iubilee to some.

*O Fost.* Why Sir, how should I minister remedy and know  
not the cause.

*Br.* Mother a pearle, woman, shew your husband the cause,

*M. Fost.* Had he bin a husband Sir, I had had no cause to  
Complaine, I threw downe at his feete



The subjection of his whole estate:  
He did not marry me for loves sake nor for pittie,  
But love to that I had, he now neglects the love  
He had before; A prodigall is suffer'd to lay waste  
Those worldly blessings, which I long enclosde,  
Intending for good uses.

*O. Fost.* That's my sonne.

*M. Fost.* I, thou knowest it well enough, hee's the Conduit-  
pipe that throwes it forth into the common shore.

*O. Fost.* And the other's my brother.

*M. Fost.* You may well shame, as I doe grieve the kindred,  
But I'de make the one a stranger, the other a servant,  
No son, nor brother; For they deserve neither  
Of those offices.

*O. Fost.* Why did I ever cherish him, have not I threatned  
Him with disinherittance for this disorder?

*M. Fost.* Why doe you not performe it?

*O. Fost.* The other's in Ludgate.

*M. Fost.* No; hee's in my house, approving to my face  
The charitable office of his kinde Nephew,  
Who with his pilfering purloind from me,  
Has set him at liberty; if this may be suffer'd  
Ile have no eyes to see.

*O. Fost.* Prethee content thy selfe; Ile see a present  
Remedy; sirra, go call 'm in; this worthy  
Gentleman shall know the cause, and censure  
For us both with equity.

*Br.* Nay good Sir, let not me be so Impleyd,

*Enter Robin and Stephen Foster.*

For I shall favour one for pittie, the other for your loves sake.

*O. Fost.* Now Sir, are all my words with you  
So light esteem'd that they can  
Take no hold upon your duty?

*Rob.* Misconster not, I beseech you.

*M. Fost.* Nay, heele approve his good deeds I warrant you.

*O. Fost.* And you Sir,

*Step.* Well Sir.

*O. Fost.*

*O. Foft.* I had thought you had bin in Ludgate Sir.

*Step.* Why, you fee where I am Sir.

*O. Foft.* Why, where are you Sir?

*Step.* In debt Sir, in debt.

*O. Foft.* Indeed that's a place you can hardly be remou'd  
From, but this is not a place fit for one in  
Debt; how came you out of prison Sirra?

*Step.* As I went into prison Sirra, by the keepers.

*O. Foft.* This was your worke to let this bandog loose.

*Rob.* Sir, it was my duty to let my Vncle loose.

*O. Foft.* Your duty did belong to me, and I did not command  
it.

*Rob.* You cannot make a separation Sir, betwixt  
The duty that belongs to me, and love unto  
My Vncle, as well you may bid me love my  
Maker, and neglect the Creature, which he  
Hath bid me love; if man to man joyne not  
A love on earth, they love not heaven, nor  
Him that dwells above it, such is my duty  
A strong Correlative unto  
My Vncle: why, he's halfe your selfe.

*Br.* Beleeve me Sir, he has answered you well.

*O. Foft.* He has not worthy Sir, but to make voyde  
That false construction; here I disclayme  
The title of a brother; and by that disclayme  
Hast thou lost thy childe's part; be thou engag'd  
For any debts of his, in prison rot with him;  
My goods shall not purchase such  
Fruitlesse recompence.

*Step.* Then th'art a scurvy father, and a filthy brother.

*M. Foft.* I, I, Sir, your tongue cannot defame his reputation.

*Step.* But yours can, for all the City reports what  
An abominable scould he has got to his wife.

*O. Foft.* If ere I know thou keep'st him company,  
Ile take my blessing from thee whilst I live,  
And that which after me should blesse thy estate.

*Step.* And Ile proclayme thy baseness to the world;



Ballads I'll make, and make 'm Taverne musick  
To sing thy churlish cruelty.

*O. Fost.* Tut, tut, these are bables.

*Ste.* Each Festivall day I'll come unto thy house,  
And I will piss upon thy threshold.

*O. Fost.* You must be out of prison first Sir.

*Ste.* If e'r I live to see thee Shreiffe of London,  
I'll gild thy painted postes *cum privilegio*,  
And kick thy Serjeants.

*Rob.* Nay, good Vncle.

*Ste.* Why, I'll beg for thee, Boy;  
I'll breake this leg, and bind it up againe,  
To pull out pitty from a stony brest,  
Rather than thou shalt want.

*O. Fost.* I, doe; let him seare up his arme, and scarfe it up  
With two yards of rope; counterfeit two villaines;  
Beg under a hedge and share your bounty: but come  
Not neare my house, nor thou in's company, if thou'l't obey;  
There's punishment, for thee; for thee there's worse;  
[The losse of all that's mine, with my deare curse. *Exeunt.*

*Manent.* Stephen and Robin.

*Ste.* Churle, Dog, you churlish rascally miser.

*Rob.* Nay, good Vncle, throw not foule language;  
This is but heate Sir, and I doubt not but  
To coole this rage with my obedience:  
But Vncle, you must not then heape on such fuell.

*Ste.* Cuz, I grieve for thee, that thou hast undergone  
Thy fathers curse, for love unto thy Vncle.

*Rob.* Tut, that bond shall ne'r be cancel'd, Sir.

*Ste.* I pitty that y'faith.

*Rob.* Let pitty then from me turne to your selfe:  
Bethinke your selfe Sir, of some course  
That might besit your estate, and let me guide it.

*Ste.* Ha, a course? sfoot I hate: Cuz, canst lend me  
40. shillings? Could I but repaire this old decay'd Tenement  
Of mine with some new playster; for alas, what  
Can a man doe in such a case as this?

*Rob.* I, but your courſe, Vncle.

*Ste.* Tuff, leave that to me, becauſe thou ſhalt wonder  
At it : If you ſhould ſee me in a ſcarlet gowne  
Within the compaſſe of a gold chaine, then I  
Hope you'l ſay, that I doe keepe my ſelfe in  
Good compaſſe : then Sir, if the Cap of Maintenance  
Doe march before me, and not a Cap be ſuffer'd  
To be worne in my preſence, pray doe not upbraide  
Me with my former poverty : I cannot tell, ſtate  
And wealth may make a man forget himſelfe ;  
But I beſeech you doe not ; there are things in my  
Head that you dreame not of ; dare you try me, Cuz ?

*Rob.* Why, forty ſhillings, Vncle, ſhall not keepe backe  
Your fortunes.

*Ste.* Why, gramercy Cuz ; now if the dice doe run right,  
This 40. ſhillings may ſet me up agen : To lay't on my backe,  
And ſo to pawne it, there's ne'r a damb'd Broker  
In the world will give me halfe the worth on't :  
No, whil'ſt 'tis in ready caſh, that's the ſureſt  
Way ; 7. is better than 11. a pox take the bones  
And they will not favour a man ſometimes.

*Rob.* Looke you Vncle, there's 40. ſhillings for you.

*Ste.* As many good Angells guard thee, as thou haſt given  
Me bad ones to ſeduce me, for theſe deputy divells  
Dam worſe than the old ones. Now Cuz, pray liſten,  
Liſten after my transformation ; I will henceforth  
Turne an Apoſtate to prodigality ; I will eate  
Cheeſe and Onions and buy lordſhips, and will  
Not you thinke this ſtrange ?

*Rob.* I am glad y'are merry, Vncle ; but this is fixt  
Betwixt an Vncle and a Nephewes love,  
Though my eſtate be poore, renewes ſcant,  
Whil'ſt I have any left, you ſhall not want.

*Ste.* Why gramercy, by this hand Ile make  
Thee an Alderman before I dye, doe but  
Follow my ſteps.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*

*Enter Widdow and Clowne.*

*Wid.* Sirra, will the Churchman come I sent you for?

*Clow.* Yes mistress, he will come: but pray resolve  
Me one thing for my long service; What  
Businesse have you with the Churchman?  
Is it to make your Will, or to get you a new  
Husband?

*Wid.* Suppose to make my Will, how then?

*Clow.* Then I would desire you to remember me, Mistress;  
I have serv'd you long, and that's the best  
Service to a woman: make a good Will if you  
Meane to dye, that it may not be said, Though  
Most women be long liv'd, yet they all dye  
With an ill-will.

*Wid.* So Sir, suppose it be for marriage.

*Clow.* Why then remember your selfe mistress;  
Take heede how you give away the head;  
It stands yet upon the shoulders of  
Your widdowhood; the loving embracing Ivie  
Has yet the upper place in the house;  
If you give it to the Holly, take heede,  
There's pricks in Holly; or if you feare not  
The pricks, take heede of the wands, you  
Cannot have the pricks without the wands;  
You give away the sword, and must defend  
Your selfe with the scabbard; these are pretty  
Instructions of a friend; I would be loth to  
See you cast downe, and not well taken up.

*Wid.* Well Sir, well, let not all this trouble you;  
See, hee's come; Will you be gone?

*Enter Doctor.*

*Clow.* I will first give him a caveat, to use you  
As kindly as he can. If you finde my mistress  
Have a minde to this coupling at barly-breake,  
Let her not be the last couple to be left in hell.

*Doct.* I would I knew your meaning, Sir.

*Clow.* If she have a minde to a fresh husband, or



So, use her as well as you can; let her enter  
Into as easie bands as may be.

*Doct.* Sir, this is none of my traffique; I sell no husbands.

*Clo.* Then you doe wrong, Sir, for you take mony for 'm:  
What woman can have a husband, but you must  
Have custome for him? and often the ware proves  
Naught too, not worth the Impost.

*Doct.* Your mans pregnant, and merry, mistris.

*Wid.* Hee's sawcy Sir. Sirra, you'l be gone.

*Clo.* Nay, at the second hand you'l have a fee too;  
You sell in the Church, and they bring 'm againe  
To your Church-yarde, you must have tollage:  
Me thinks if a man dye whether you will or no,  
He should be buried whether you would or no.

*Doct.* Nay now you wade too far, Sir.

*Wid.* You'l be gone, Sirra.

*Clo.* Mistris make him your friend, for he knowes what rate  
Good husbands are at; if there hath bin a dearth  
Of women of late, you may chance picke  
Out a good prize; but take heede of a Clerke.

*Wid.* Will you yet Sir, after your needeleffe trouble,  
Be gone, and bid the maides dresse dinner.

*Clo.* Mistris, 'tis fasting day to day, there's nothing but fish.

*Wid.* Let there be store of that; let bounty furnish the  
Table, and charity shall be the voyder.  
What fish is there, Sirra?

*Clo.* Marry there is Sammon, Pike, and fresh Cod,  
Soles, Maides, and Playce.

*Wid.* Bid 'm haste to dresse 'm then.

*Clo.* Nay mistris, I'll helpe 'm too; the maides shall first  
Dresse the Pike, and the Cod, and then I'll dresse  
The maides in the place you wor on.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Doct.* You sent for me, Gentlewoman?

*Wid.* Sir, I did, and to this end:

I have some scruples in my conscience;  
Some doubtfull problemes which I cannot answer  
Nor reconcile; I'de have you make them plaine.

*Doct.* This is my duty; pray speake your minde.

*Wid.* And as I speak, I must remember heaven  
That gave those blessings which I must relate;  
Sir, you now behold a wondrous woman;  
You onely wonder at the Epithete;  
I can approve it good; Ghesse at mine age.

*Doct.* At the halfe way 'twixt thirty and forty.

*Wid.* 'Twas not much amisse; yet nearest to the last;  
How thinke you then; Is not this a wonder,  
That a woman lives full seven and thirty yeares,  
Mayde to a wife, and wife unto a widdow,  
Now widdowed, and mine owne, yet all this while  
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,  
Even from my weaning houre unto this minute,  
Did never taste what was calamity;  
I know not yet what grieve is, yet have sought  
A hundred wayes for its acquaintance; with mee  
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,  
That even those things that I have meant  
A crosse, have that way turn'd a blessing;  
Is it not strange?

*Doct.* Vnparaleld; this gift is singular,  
And to you alone belonging; you are the Moone,  
For there's but one, all women else are stars,  
For there are none of like condition:  
Full oft, and many have I heard complaine  
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities;  
But a second to your selfe, I never knew  
To groane under the superflux of blessings,  
To have ever bin a lien unto sorrow;  
No trip of fate? Sure it is wonderfull.

*Wid.* I, Sir, tis wonderfull; but is it well?  
For it is now my chiefe affliction.  
I have heard you say, that the child of heaven  
Shall suffer many tribulations;  
Nay, Kings and Princes share them with their subjects;  
Then I that know not any chastisement



How may I know my part of childhood ?

*Doct.* 'Tis a good doubt; but make it not extreme,  
 'Tis some affliction, that you are afflicted  
 For want of affliction : Cherish that ;  
 Yet wrest it not to misconstruction ;  
 For all your blessings are free gifts from heaven  
 Health, wealth, and peace ; nor can they turne to  
 Curses, but by abuse. Pray let me question you :  
 You lost a husband, was it no griefe to you ?

*Wid.* It was ; but very small ; no sooner I  
 Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,  
 But straite it turn'd unto my treble joy ;  
 A comfortable revelation prompts me then,  
 That husband whom in life I held so deare,  
 Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging joyes ;  
 Me thought I saw him stellified in heaven,  
 And singing Hallelujahs 'mongst a quire  
 Of white Sainted soules : then againe it spake,  
 And said ; It was a sinne for me to grieve  
 At his best good, that I esteemed best :  
 And thus this slender shadow of a griefe  
 Vanish't againe.

*Doct.* All this was happy ; nor can you wrest it  
 From a heavenly blessing. Doe not appoint  
 The rod : leave still the stroake unto the  
 Magistrate ; the time is not past, but  
 You may feele enough.

*Wid.* One tast more I had, although but little,  
 Yet I would aggravate to make the most  
 On't : thus 'twas ; The other day, it was my hap  
 In crossing of the Thames,  
 To drop that wedlecke Ring from off my finger,  
 That once conjoyn'd me and my dead husband ;  
 It sunke, I pris'd it deare ; the dearer, 'cause it kept  
 Still in mine eye the memory of my losse ;  
 Yet I griev'd the losse, and did joy withall  
 That I had found a griefe ; and this is all

The sorrow I can boast of.

*Doct.* This is but small.

*Wid.* Nay sure I am of this opinion,  
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,  
The bottome would have sent it up againe,  
I am so wondrouslie fortunate.

*Doct.* You would not suffer it?

*Enter Clowne.*

*Wid.* Not for my whole estate.

*Clow.* O mistris, where are you? I thinke you are the fortunat<sup>st</sup>  
Woman, that ever breath'd of two shoes: the thiefe is  
Found.

*Wid.* The thiefe; what thiefe? I never was so happy  
To be robb'd.

*Clow.* Bring him away *Ing*; nay, you shall see the strangest  
Piece of felony, discover'd that ever you saw,  
Or your great grandmothers Grandam before, or after,  
A pirate, a water thiefe.

*Wid.* What's all this?

*Clow.* Bring him away *Ing*; yet the villaine would not  
Confesse a word till it was found about him.

*Wid.* I thinke the fellow's mad.

*Clow.* Did you not lose your wedding Ring the other day?

*Wid.* Yes Sir, but I was not robb'd of it.

*Enter Ioane with a fish.*

*Clow.* No; well, thanke him that brings it  
Home then; and will aske nothing for his paines.  
You see this Sammon?

*Wid.* Yes, what of it?

*Clow.* It cost but six pence: but had the Fisher knowne  
The worth of it, 'twould have cost you forty shillings.  
Is not this your Ring?

*Wid.* The very same.

*Clow.* Your maid *Ioane* examining this Sammon, that shee  
Bought in the Market, found that he had swallowed  
This Gudgeon.

*Wid.* How am I vext with blessings? how thinke you

Sir, is not this above wonder?

*Dott.* I am amaz'd at it.

*Wid.* First that this fish should snatch it as a baite;  
Then that my servant needes must buy that fish  
Amongst such infinites of fish and buyers:  
What fate is mine that runnes all by it selte  
In unhappy happinesse? My conscience dreads it:  
Would thou hadst not swallowed it, nor thou not bought it.

*Clow.* Alas, blame not the poore fish, mistris, hee being a fleg-  
matique

Creature, tooke Gold for Restorative. He tooke it faire,  
And he that gets Gold, let him eat Gold.

*Wid.* Nothing can hinder fate.

*Dott.* Seeke not to crosse it then.

*Wid.* About your businesse, you have not pleas'd me in this?

*Joane.* By my maydenhead if I had thought you would  
Have tane it no kindlier, you should ne'r  
Have bin vext with sight on't; the garbidge should  
Have bin the Cookes fees at this time.

*Exit Joane.*

*Clow.* Now doe I see the old proverbe come to passe;  
Give a woman lucke, and cast her into th'sea:  
There's many a man would wish his wife good  
Lucke, on that condition he might throw her  
Away so. But mistris, there's one within would  
Speake with you, that vexeth as fast against  
Crosses, as you doe against good lucke.

*Wid.* I know her sure then, 'tis my gossip *Foster*:  
Request her in; here's good company, tell her.

*Clow.* Ile tell her so for my owne credits sake.

*Exit.*

*Wid.* You shall now see an absolute contrary:  
Would I had chang'd bosomes with her for a time,  
'T would make me better rellish happinesse.

*Enter Mistris Foster and Clowne.*

*M. Post.* O friend and gossip, where are you? I am  
O're loaden with my griefes, and but in your bosome  
I know not where to ease me.

*Clow.* I had rather helpe you to a close stoole,

*And*



And't please you.

*M. Fost.* Ne'r had woman more sinister fate;  
All ominous stars were in conjunction  
Even at my birth, and doe still attend me.

*Doct.* This is a perfect contrary indeede.

*Wid.* What ayles you Woman?

*M. Fost.* Vnlesse seven witches had set spels about me,  
I could not be so crost, never at quiet  
Never happy houre, not a minutes content.

*Doct.* You hurt your selfe most with impatience.

*M. Fost.* I, I, Physitions minister with ease,  
Although the patient do receiue in paine;  
Would I could think but of one joyfull houre.

*Clo.* You have had two husbands to my knowledge;  
And if you had not one joyfull houre betweene  
Both, I would you were hang'd i' faith.

*M. Fost.* Full fourteene yeeres I liv'd a weary mayde,  
Thinking no joy till I had got a husband.

*Clo.* That was a tedious time indeede.

*M. Fost.* I had one lov'd me well, and then ere long  
I grew into my longing peevishnesse.

*Clo.* There was some pleasure ere you came to that.

*M. Fost.* Then all the kindenesse that he would apply,  
Nothing could please; soone after it he died.

*Clo.* That could be but little griefe.

*M. Fost.* Then worldly care did so o'reload my weakenesse;  
That I must have a second stay; I chose againe,  
And there begins my griefes to multiply.

*Wid.* It cannot be, friend; your husband's kinde.

*Doct.* A man of faire condition, well reputed.

*Clo.* But it may be he has not that should please her.

*Wid.* Peace Sirra: how can your sorrowes encrease from him?

*M. Fost.* How can they but o'rewhelme me? he keepes a Son  
That makes my state his prodigality;  
To him a brother, one of the Citty scandals;  
The tone the hand, the tother is the maw;  
And betweene both my goods are swallowed up;

The full quantity that I brought amongst 'm  
Is now consum'd to halfe.

*Wid.* The fire of your spleene waists it;  
Good sooth Gossip, I could laugh at thee, and onely grieve  
I have not some cause of sorrow with thee :  
Prethee be temperate, and suffer.

*Doct.* 'Tis good counsell mistris, receive it so.

*Wid.* Canst thou devise to lay them halfe on me,  
And Ile beare 'm willingly.

*M. Fost.* Would I could, that I might laugh another while:  
But you are wise to heede at others harmes;  
You'l keepe you happy in your widdowhood.

*Wid.* Not I in good faith, were I sure marriage  
Would make me unhappy.

*M. Fost.* Try, try, you shall not neede to wish;  
You'l sing another song, and beare a part  
In my griefes descant, when y'are vext at heart :  
Your second choyse will differ from the first :  
So oft as widdowes marry they are accurst.

*Clo.* I, curst widdowes are; but if they had all stiffe husbands  
To tame 'm, they'd be quiet enough.

*Wid.* You'l be gone Sir, and see dinner ready.

*Clo.* I care not if I doe mistris, now my stomack's ready;  
Yet Ile stay a little and be but to vex you.

*Wid.* When goe you, Sirra?

*Clo.* I will not goe yet.

*Wid.* Ha, ha, ha, thou makest me laugh at thee; prethee stay.

*Clo.* Nay then Ile goe to vex you. *Exit Clowne.*

*M. Fost.* You have a light heart Gossip.

*Wid.* So should you Woman, would you be rul'd by me :  
Come, we'l dine together, after walke abroad  
Vnto my suburbe garden, where if thou'lt heare,  
Ile read my heart to thee, and thou from thence  
Shalt learne to vex thy cares with patience.

*Exeunt.*



## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Host Boxall, Stephen, Iacke, Dicke, Hugh.*

*Host.*

**VV** Elcome still my merchants of *bona Speranza*;  
What's your trafficke Bulleyes? What ware deale you  
in?

Cards, Dice, Bowles, or Pigeon-holes; sort'm  
Your selves; either Passage, Novum, or Mumchance?  
Say my brave Bursmen, what's your recreation?

*Ste.* Dice mine *Host*: Is there no other roome empty?

*Host.* Not a hole unstopt in my house, but this my Thrifts.

*Iack.* Miscall us not for our money, good mine *Host*, we are  
None of your thrifts; we have scap'd that scandall long agoe.

*Dick.* Yes, his thrifts we are *Iacke*, though not our owne.

*Host.* Tush, you are young men, 'tis too soone to thrive yet:  
He that gathers young, spends when hee's old:  
'Tis better to begin ill, and end well, than to  
Begin well and end ill: Miserable fathers have  
For the most part unthrifty sons; leave not  
Too much for your heires, Boyes.

*Iack.* Hee sayes well i'faith; Why should a man trust  
To executors.

*Ste.* As good trust to hangmen as to executors:  
Who's in the bowling Alley mine *Host*?

*Host.* Honest traders, thrifty lads, they are rubbing on't;  
Towardly Boyes, every one strives to lye nearest the Mistris.

*Ste.* Give's a bayle of Dice.

*Host.* Here my brave Wags.

*Ste.* We feare no Counters now mine *Host*, so  
Long as we have your bayle so ready.  
Come, trip.

*Iack.* Vp with's heeles.

*Dick.* Downe with them.

*Hugh.* Now the dice are mine ; set me now a faire Boord; a faire passage sweet bones. *Boreas.*

*A noyse below in the bowling Alley, betting, rubbing and wrangling.*

*Host.* How now my fine Trundletayles;  
My wodden Cosmographers :

My bowling Alley in an uprore ?  
Is *Orlando* up in armes ? I must be stickler ;  
I am Constable, Iustice, and Beadle in mine  
Owne house, I accuse, sentence, and punish :  
Have amongst you ; looke to my box Boyes ;  
He that breakes the peace, I breake his pate  
For recompence ; looke to my box, I say.

*Exit.*

*Step.* A pox o' your box, I shall ne'r be so happy to.  
Reward it better ; set me faire ; aloft now.

*Jack.* Out. *Step.* What wast ?

*Dick.* Two Trayes, and an Ace.

*Step.* Seven still, pox on't ; that number of the  
Deadly sinnes haunts me damnably ; Come Sir, throw.

*Jack.* Prethee invoke not so, all sinkes too fast already.

*Hugh.* It will be found againe in mine hosts box.

*Jack.* In still, two theeves and choose thy fellow.

*Step.* Take the Miller.

*Jack.* Have at them i' faith.

*Hugh.* For a thiefe Ile warrant you, who'l you have next.

*Jack.* Two Quaters and a Tray.

*Step.* I hope we shall have good cheere, when two  
Caters, and a Tray goe toth' market.

*Enter Host.*

*Host.* So all's whist; they play upon the still pipes now,  
The Bull-beggar comes when I shew my head,  
Silence is a vertue, and I have made 'm vertuous,  
Let 'm play still till they be penny lesse ; pawne  
Till they be naked, so they be quiet, welcome,  
And welcome.

*A noyse above at Cards.*

How now, how now, my roaring *Tamberlaine*, take.

*Heede.*

Heede the Soldan comes ; And 'twere not for profit,  
 Who would live amongst such Beares? why *Vrsa*  
*Major* I say, what in *Capite Draconis*? is there  
 No hope to reclayme you, shall I never live in quiet  
 For you?

*Dick.* Good mine Host still 'm: civill Gamesters cannot play  
 for 'm.

*Host.* I come amongst you, you maledictionous slaves ; I'l  
 Vtter you all ; some I'l take ready money for, and lay  
 Vp the rest in the stocks: looke to my box, I say.

*Step.* Your box is like your belly mine Host, it  
 Drawes all ; now for a suite of apparell.

*Jack.* At whose suit I pray ? y<sup>e</sup> are out againe with the threes.

*Step.* Foote, I thinke my father threw three when I was  
 Begotten ; pox on't, I know now why I am so  
 Haunted with threes.

*Jack.* Why, I prethee?

*Step.* I met the third part of a knave as I came.

*Jack.* The third part of a knave, s'foote what thing's that?

*Step.* Why a Serjants Yeoman, man; the supervisor himselfe  
 Is but a whole one, and he shares but a groate in the  
 Shilling with him.

*Dick.* That's but the third part indeed: but goes he no further.

*Step.* No, he rests there.

*Hugh.* Come, let's give o're.

*Step.* I thanke you Sir, and so much a looser? there's but  
 The wast-band of my suite left: now sweete bones.

*Hugh.* Twelve at all.

*Step.* Soft, this dye is false.

*Hugh.* False? you doe him wrong Sir, hee's true to his Master.

*Step.* Fullum :

*Dick.* Ple be hang'd then : where's Putney then I pray you :

*Step.* 'Tis false, and I'le have my money againe.

*Hugh.* You shall have cold Iron with your silver then.

*Step.* I, have at you Sir.

*Enter Host, and young Foster.*

*Host.* I thinke hee's here, Sir.



*Young Foster assists his Uncle and the Host, and beats se  
them off; Enter the Bowlers and steale away  
their Cloakes.*

*Rob.* I am sure hee's now, Sir.

*Hugh.* Hold, hold, and you be Gentlemen hold.

*Rob.* Get you gone Varlets, or there's hold to be taken.

*Host.* Nay sweete Sir, no bloodshed in my house; I am lord  
Of misrule, pray you put up, Sir.

*Om.* S'foote mine Host, where are our cloakes?

*Host.* Why, this is quarrelling; Make after in time;  
Some of your owne Crew, to try the weight has  
Lifted them; looke out I say.

*Iack.* There will ever be theeves in a dicing house  
Till thou bee'st hang'd I'll warrant thee. *Exeunt Cheats*

*Step.* Mine Host, my Cloake was lin'd through with  
Oringe tawney velvet.

*Host.* How, your cloake? I ne'r knew thee worth one.

*Step.* Y'are a company of Conycatching rascals;  
Is this a suite to walke without a Cloake in?

*Rob.* Vncle, is this the reformation that you promis'd mee?

*Step.* Cuz, shall I tell thee the truth; I had diminish't  
But six pence of the forty shillings by chance meeting with a  
Friend, I went to a taylor, bargain'd for a suite, it  
Came to full forty, I tender'd my xxxix and a halfe,  
And doe you thinke the scabby-wristed rascall would  
Trust me for six pence.

*Rob.* Your credit is the better, Vncle.

*Step.* Pox on him, if the taylor had bin a man, I had  
Had a faire suite on my backe, so venturing for  
The tother Tester

*Rob.* You lost the whole Bed-stead.

*Step.* But after this day, I protest Cuz, you shall never  
See me handle those bones againe; this day I  
Breake up schoole: if ever you call me unthrift after  
This day, you doe me wrong.

*Rob.* I should be glad to wrong you so, Vncle.

*Ste.* And what sayes your father yet, Cuz?

*Rob.*

*Rob.* I'll tell you that in your eare.

*Enter Mistris Foster, Widdow and Clowne.*

*M. Fost.* Nay, I pray you friend beare me company a little This way, for into this dicing house I saw my good Son in law enter, and 'tis odds but he meetes his Vncle here.

*Wid.* You cannot tire me gossip in your company, 'tis the best Affliction I have to see you impatient.

*M. Fost.* I, I, you may make mirth of my sorrow.

*Clow.* We have hunted well, mistris; doe you not see The hare's in sight?

*M. Fost.* Did not I tell you so; I, I, there's good counsell Betweene you, the tone would goe afoote to hell, The other the horseway.

*Rob.* Mother, I am sorry you have trod this path.

*M. Fost.* Mother? hang thee wretch, I bore thee not, but Many afflictions I have borne for thee; wert thou Mine owne, I'd see thee stretcht a handfull, and Put thee a Coffin into the Cart, ere thou shouldst vex Me thus.

*Rob.* Were I your owne, you could not use me worse than you doe.

*M. Fost.* I'll make thy father turne thee out for ever, or else I'll make him wish him in his grave; You'll witnesse With me Gossip where I have found him.

*Clow.* Nay, I'll be sworne upon a booke of Callico for that.

*Rob.* It shal not neede, I'll not deny that I was with my Vncle.

*M. Fost.* And that shall disinherite thee, if thy father Be an honest man; thou hadst bin better to have Bin borne a viper, and cate thy way through thy Mothers wombe into the world, than to tempt my Displeasure.

*Ste.* Thou lyest *Zantippe*; it had bin better thou hadst Bin prest to death under two Irish Rugs, than to Ride honest *Socrates* thy husband thus, and abuse his Honest childe.

*M. Fost.* Out Raggamuffin, dost thou talke? I shall see thee

n Ludgate againe shortly.

*Ste.* Thou lyeſt agen, 'twilbe at More-gate, Beldam, where I ſhall ſee thee in the Ditch dancing in a Cucking-ſtoole.

*M. Foſt.* I'l ſee thee hang'd firſt.

*Ste.* Thou lyeſt againe.

*Clo.* Nay Sir, you doe wrong to give a woman ſo many lies; ſhee had rather have had twice ſo many ſtandings, than One lye.

*M. Foſt.* I'l lye with him I'l warrant him.

*Ste.* You'l be a whore then.

*Clo.* Little leſſe I promiſe you, if you lye with him.

*Ste.* If you complaine upon mine honeſt Cuz,  
And that his father be offended with him,  
The next time I meeete thee, though it be i'th' ſtreete,  
Ile dance i'th' durt upon thy velvet Cap;  
Nay worſe, I'le ſtaine thy Ruffe; nay worſe than that,  
I'l doe thus:

*Holds a wiſpe.*

*M. Foſt.* O my hart Goffip, do you ſee this? Was ever Woman thus abus'd?

*Wid.* Me thinkes 'tis good ſport y' faith.

*M. Foſt.* I, I am well recompenc'd to complaine to you, Had you ſuch a kindred.

*Wid.* I would rejoyce in't Goffip.

*M. Foſt.* Do ſo; chooſe here then; Oh my hart! But I'l doe Your errand; Oh that my Nayles werenot par'd! But I'l doe Your errand; Will you goe Goffip?

*Wid.* No, I'l ſtay awhile and tell 'm out with patience.

*M. Foſt.* I cannot hold a joynt ſtill; Doſt wiſpe me, thou Tatterdemallion; I'l doe your errands, if I have a Husband; Oh that I could ſpit Wild-fire!  
My heart, Oh my heart! If it does not goe pantle,  
Pantle, pantle in my belly, I am no honeſt woman:  
But I'l doe your errands.

*Exit Miſtris Foſter.*

*Rob.* Kinde Gentlewoman, you have ſome patience.

*Wid.* I have too much Sir.

*Rob.* You may doe a good office, and make your ſelfe a Peacefull moderator betwixt me and my angry

*Father,*



Father, whom his wife hath mou'd to spleene  
Against me.

*Wid.* Sir, I doe not disallow the kindenesse your  
Consanguinity renders, I would not teach  
You otherwise; I'd speake with your Vncle, Sir,  
If you'l give me leave.

*Clo.* You may talke with me Sir, in the meane time.

*Exit. Robin and Clowne.*

*Ste.* With me would you talke, Gentlewoman?

*Wid.* Yes Sir, with you; you are a brave Vnthrift.

*Ste.* Not very brave neither; yet I make a shift

*Wid.* When you have a cleane shirt.

*Ste.* I'll be no Pupill to a woman; leave your discipline.

*Wid.* Nay, pray you heare me Sir, I cannot chide,  
I'll but give you good counsell; 'tis not a good  
Course that you run.

*Ste.* Yet I must run to 'th' end of it.

*Wid.* I would teach you a better, if you'd stay where you are.

*Ste.* I would stay where I am, if I had any money.

*Wid.* In the dying house?

*Ste.* I thinke so too, I have play'd at Passage all  
This while, now I'd go to Hazard.

*Wid.* Dost thou want Money? Thou art worthy to be tatter'd  
Hast thou no wit now thy Money's gone?

*Ste.* 'Tis all the portion I have;  
I have nothing to maintaine me but my wit;  
My Money is too little I'm sure.

*Wid.* I cannot beleeeve thy wit's more than thy Money:  
A fellow so well limb'd, so able to doe good service,  
And want.

*Ste.* Why Mistris, my shoulders were not made for a Frocke  
And a Basket, nor a Coale-sacke neither, no nor  
My hands to turne a trencher at a tables side.

*Wid.* I like that resolution well; but how comes it  
Then, that thy wit leaves thy body unfurnisht?  
Thou art very poore?

*Ste.* The fortune of the Dice you see.

D

*Wid.*

*Wid.* They are the onely wizards, I confesse,  
The onely fortune-tellers; but he that goes to  
Seeke his fortune from them, must never hope  
To have a good destiny allotted him: yet it is  
Not the course that I dislike in thee, but that  
Thou canst not supply that course, and out-  
Crosse them that crosse thee; Were I as thou art

*Ste.* You'd be as beggarly as I am.

*Wid.* I'll be hang'd first.

*Ste.* Nay, you must be well hang'd e'r you can be as I am.

*Wid.* So Sir, I conceite you; were I as well hang'd then  
As you could imagine, I would tell some rich widow  
Such a tale in her eare.

*Ste.* Ha? Some rich widdow? By this penniless pocket,  
I thinke 'twere not the worst way.

*Wid.* I'd be asham'd to take such a fruitlesse oath:  
I say, seeke me out some rich widow; promise  
Her faire; shee's apt to believe a young man;  
Marry her, and let her estate fly; no matter,  
'Tis charity; Twenty to one some rich Miser rak'd  
It together; this is none of *Hercules* labours.

*Ste.* Ha? let me recount these articles: Seeke her out;  
Promise her faire; Marry her; Let her estate fly:  
But where should I finde her?

*Wid.* The easiest of all: Why man, they are more common  
Than Taverne Bushes; two Fayres might be  
Furnish'd every weeke in London with 'm, though no  
Fortainers came in, if the Charter were granted once:  
Nay, 'tis thought, if the Horse-market be remov'd, that  
Smithfield shall be so imploy'd, and then I'll  
Warrant you 'twill be as well furnish'd with widowes as  
Twass with Sowes, Cowes, and old trotting Iades before.

*Ste.* S'foote, if it were, I would be a Chapman; I'd see for  
My pleasure, and buy for my love, for money I have none.

*Wid.* Thou shalt not stay the Market; if thou'lt be rul'd,  
I'll finde thee out a widdow, and helpe in some of  
The rest too; if thou'lt but promise me the last, but

To let her estate fly : for shee's one I loue not, and  
I'd be glad to see that revenge on her.

*Ste.* Spend her estate, wer't five Aldermens ; I'l put you  
In security for that, sfoote all my neighbours shall be bound  
For me, nay, my kinde Sister in law shall passe her word  
For that.

*Wid.* Onely this I'l enioyne you, to be matrimonially honest  
To her for your owne healthes sake: all other injuries  
Shall be blessings to her.

*Ste.* I'l blesse her then; I ever drunke so much,  
That I was never great feeder ; give me drinke,  
And my pleasure, and a little flesh serves my turne.

*Wid.* I'l shew thee the party ; What sayest thou to my selfe ?

*Ste.* Your selfe, Gentlewoman, I would it were no worse ;  
I have heard you reputed a rich widdow.

*Wid.* I have a lease of thousands at least, Sir.

*Ste.* I'l let out your leases for you, if you'l allow me  
The power I'l warrant you.

*Wid.* That's my hope Sir; but you must be honest withall.

*Ste.* I'l be honest with some ; if I can be honest with all,  
I will too.

*Wid.* Give me thy hand ; goe home with me, I'l give  
The better clothes ; and as I like thee then, we'l  
Goe further, we may chance make a blinde  
Bargaine of it.

*Ste.* I can make no blind bargaine, unlesse I be  
In your bed, Widow.

*Wid.* No, I bar that Sir, lets begin honestly, how  
E'r we end ; marry for the waste of my estate  
Spare it not ; doe thy worst.

*Ste.* I'l doe bad enough, feare it not.

*Wid.* Come, will you walk, Sir.

*Ste.* No Widow, I'l stand to no hazard of blinde  
Bargaines ; either promise me marriage, and give  
Me earnest in a handfast, or I'l not budge  
A foote.

*Wid.* No Sir, are you growne so stout already ?



*Ste.* I'll grow flouter when I am married.

*Wid.* I hope thou'lt vex me.

*Ste.* I'll give you cause I'll warrant you.

*Wid.* I shall rayle, and curse thee I hope; yet I'd  
Not have thee give over neither; for I would  
Be vext; Here's my hand, I am thine, thou art mine,  
I'll have thee withall faults.

*Ste.* You shall have one with some, and you have mee.

*Enter Robin and Clowne.*

*Wid.* Here's witnesse, come hither Sir.

Cozin, I must call you shortly; and you  
Sirra, be witnesse to this match; here's Man and Wife.

*Rob.* I joy at mine Vncles happinesse, Widdow.

*Clo.* I doe forbid the Banes: Alas poore Shagragge,  
My Mistris does but gull him; you may  
Imagine it to be Twelwe-day at night, and the  
Beane found in the corner of your Cake, but  
'Tis not worth a fetch I'll assure you.

*Wid.* You'll let me dispose of my selfe, I hope.

*Clo.* You love to be merry Mistris; Come, come,  
Give him foure Farthings, and let him goe.  
He'll pray for his good Dame, and be drunke;  
Why, if your blood does itch that way, we'll  
Stand together; how thinke you? I thinke here  
Is the sweeter bit, you see this Nap, and you  
See this Lowse, you may cracke o' your choyse,  
If you choose here.

*Wid.* You have put me to my choyse then; see, here I choose?  
This is my Husband: Thus I begin the Contract. *Kisse*

*Ste.* 'Tis seal'd, I am thine; now Cuz feare no blacke  
Stormes; if thy father thunder, come to me for shelter.

*Wid.* His word is now a deede, Sir.

*Rob.* I thanke you both. Vncle, what my joy conceives,  
I cannot utter yet.

*Clo.* I will make blacke Munday of this: e'r I suffer  
This disgrace, the kennell shall run with blood and rags.

*Rob.* Sir, I am your appofite.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* I have nothing to say to you, Sir ; I ayme at your Vncle

*Rob.* He has no weapon.

*Clo.* That's all one, I'l take him as I finde him :

*Wid.* I have taken him so before you, Sir ; Will you be quiet.

*Ste.* Thou shalt take me so too *Hodge*, for I'l be thy fellow,  
Though thy Mistrisses Husband, Give me thy hand.

*Clo.* I'l make you seeke your fingers among the Dogs, *Exeunt*  
If you come to me ; my Fellow ? You lowsie  
Companion ; I scorne thee. S'foote, is't come to this ?  
Have I stood all this while to my Mistris, an honest,  
Hansome, plaine-dealing, serving-Creature ; and she to  
Marry a Worson Tittere Tu Tattere with never a good rag  
About him ? Stand thou to me, and be my friend ; and since  
My Mistris has forsaken me :

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* How now ? what's the matter ?

*Clo.* 'Twas well you came in good time.

*Rob.* Why man ?

*Clo.* I was going the wrong way.

*Rob.* But tell me one thing, I apprehend not ; Why didst  
Lay thy Cap upon the sword's point ?

*Clo.* Do'st not thou know the reason of that ? why, 'twas  
To save my belly : dost thou thinke I am so mad to  
Cast my selfe away for e'r a woman of 'mall,  
I'l see 'm hang'd first.

*Rob.* Come *Roger*, will you goe ?

*Clo.* Well, since there is no remedy, Oh teares bee you my  
friend !

*Rob.* Nay, prethee *Roger* doe not cry.

*Clo.* I cannot choose ; nay I will steepe  
Mine eyes in crying teares, and crying weepe.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Alderman Bruine, Sir Godfry Speedwell, Innocent Lambskin, and Mistris Jane.*

*Bruine.*

**G**entlemen, y<sup>e</sup> are welcome; that once well pronounc'd  
Has a thousand Ecchoes; Let it suffice, I have spoke  
It to the full: here's your affaires, here's your merchandize,  
This is your prise, if you can mix your names and gentle  
Bloods with the poore Daughter of a Cittizen.  
I make the passage free, to greete and court,  
Traffique the mart of love, clap hands and strike  
The bargaine through, (she pleas'd) and I shall like.

*God. Sp.* 'Tis good ware believe me, Sir, I know that by mine  
Owne experience; for I have handled the like  
Many times in my first wives dayes, I, by Knighthood,  
Sometimes before I was marry'd too; therefore I  
Know't by mine owne experience.

*Lamb.* Well Sir, I know by observation, 'as much as you doe  
By experience; for I have knowne many Gentlemen  
Have taken up such ware as this is, but it has lyen  
On their hands as long as they liv'd; this I  
Have seene by observation.

*Jane.* I am like to have a couple of faire Chapmen:  
If they were at my owne dispose, I would  
Willingly rifle them both at twelve pence a share; they  
Would be good foode for a new plantation; the  
Tone might mend his experience; and the other his  
Observation very much.

*Speed.* Sir, let me advise you: I see you want experience,  
Meddle no further in this case, 'twil be the  
More credit for your observation; for I finde by my  
Experience, you are but shallow.

*Lamb.*

*Lamb.* But shallow Sir? Your experience is a little wide;  
You shall finde I wilbe as deepe in this case as  
Your selfe; my observation has bin, where your  
Experience must waite at doore; yet I will  
Give you the fore Horse place, and I wilbe in the  
Fill's, because you are the elder Tree, and I the  
Young Plant; put on your experience, and I will  
Observe.

*Speed.* Sweete Virgin, to be prolix and tedious, fits not  
Experience; short words and large deedes are  
Best pleasing to women.

*Jane.* So, Sir.

*Speed.* My name is *Speedwell*, by my fathers Coppy.

*Jane.* Then you never serv'd for't it seemes.

*Speed.* Yes, sweete Feminine, I have serv'd for it too:  
For I have found my nativity suited to my name,  
As my name is *Speedwel*, so have I sped  
Well in divers actions.

*Jane.* It must needes be a faire and comely suit then.

*Lamb.* You observe very well, sweete Virgine; for his  
Nativity is his Dublet, which is the upper part  
Of his suite; and his name is in's breeches, for  
That part which is his name, he defiles many times.

*Speed.* Your observation is corrupt, Sir; Let me shew mine  
Owne Tale; I say, sweete Beauty, my name is  
*Speedewell*, my God-father by his bounty being an  
Old Soldiour, and having serv'd in the wars as far as  
Bulloyne, therefore cal'd my name *Godfry*; a  
Title of large renowne; my wealth and wit has  
Added to those, the paraphrase of Kingthood;  
So that my name in the full longitude is cal'd  
*Sir Godfry Speedwell*, a name of good experience.

*Jane.* If every quality you have be as large in relation as  
Your name Sir, I should imagine the best of them, rather  
Than heare them reported.

*Speed.* You say well, sweet Modesty, a good imagination is  
good,



And shewes your good experience.

*Lamb.* Nay, if names can do any good, I beseech you observe Mine; My name is *Lambskin*, a thing both hot and harmlesse.

*Iane.* On Sir, I would not interrupt you, because you Should be brieft.

*Lamb.* My Godfather seeing in my face some notes of disposition,

In my Cradle did give me the title of *Innocent*, which I Have practis'd all my life time; and since my fathers Decease, my wealth has purchast me in the vanguard Of my name, the paraphrase of gentility; So that I am cald Master *Innocent Lambskin*.

*Iane.* In good time; and what Trade was your father, Sir?

*Lamb.* My father was of an Occupation before he was a Tradesman; for, as I have observ'd in my fathers And mothers report, they set up together in Their youth; my father was a Starch-maker, and my Mother a Laundresse; so being partners, they did Occupy long together before they were marryed; Then was I borne.

*Iane.* What, before your father was marryed?

*Lamb.* Truly a little after, I was the first fruits, as they say; Then did my father change his Copy, and set up A Brewhouse.

*Iane.* I then came your wealth in, Sir.

*Lamb.* Your observation's good; I have carryed the Tallyes At my girdle seven yeares together with much Delight and observation; for I did ever love to Deale honestly in the Nick.

*Iane.* A very innocent resolution.

*Speed.* Your experience may see his course education; but to The purpose, sweet Female; I doe love that Face of yours.

*Iane.* Sir, if you love nothing but my face, I cannot sell it From the rest.

*Lamb.* You may see his slender observation; sweet Virgin, I doe love your lower parts better than your face.

*Speed.*



*Speed.* Sir you doe interrupt, and thwart my love.

*Lamb.* I Sir, I am your Rivall; and I will thwart your love:  
For your love licks at the face, and my love  
Shall be Arsy-Verfy to yours.

*Jane.* I would desire no better wooing of so bad suitors.

*Speed.* Mistake me not kinde Heart.

*Lamb.* He calls you Tooth drawer by way of experience.

*Speed.* In loving your face, I love all the rest of your body,  
As you shall finde by experience.

*Jane.* Well Sir, you love me then?

*Speed.* Let your experience make a tryall.

*Jane.* No Sir, I'l beleeve you rather, and I thanke you for't.

*Lamb.* I love you too, faire Maide, double and treble,  
If it please you.

*Jane.* I thanke you too Sir; I am so much beholding  
To you both; I am affraid I shall never requite it.

*Speed.* Requite one, sweete Chastity, and let it be  
Sir *Godfry*, with the correspondencie of your  
Love to him; I will maintaine you like a Lady,  
And it is brave, as I know by experience.

*Lamb.* I will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman: And  
That may be better maintenance than a Ladies,  
As I have found by observation.

*Speed.* How dare you maintaine that, Sir?

*Lamb.* I dare maintaine it with my purse, Sir.

*Speed.* I dare crosse it with my sword Sir.

*Lamb.* If you dare crosse my purse with your sword Sir,  
I'l lay an action of suspicion of felony to you;  
That's flat, Sir.

*Jane.* Nay, pray you Gentlemen doe not quarrell,  
Till you know for what.

*Bru.* Oh, no quarrelling, I beseech you Gentlemen!  
The reputation of my house is solyd, if any  
Uncivill noyse arise in't.

*Lamb.* Let him but shake his blade at me, and I'l  
Throw downe my purse, and cry a rape; I  
Scorne to kill him, but I'l hang his knighthood;

I warrant him, if he offer assault and battry on  
My purse.

*Brn.* Nay, good Sir, put up your sword.

*Speed.* You have confinde him prisoner for ever,  
I hope your experience sees hee's a harmelesse thing.

*Enter George the Factor.*

*Geo.* Sir, heres young Master *Foster* requests  
To speake with you.

*Brn.* Does he? Prethee request him. Gentlemen,  
Please you taste the sweetenesse of my Garden  
Awhile, and let my daughter beare you company.

*Speed.* Where she is leader, there will be followers.

*Iane.* You send me to the Gallies, Sir; pray you redeeme  
Me as soone as you can; these are pretty  
Things for mirth, but not for serious uses.

*Brn.* Prethee be merry with them then awhile,  
If but for curtesie; thou hast wit enough;  
But take heede they quarrell not.

*Iane.* Nay I dare take in hand to part 'in without  
Any danger; but I beseech you let me not  
Be too long a prisoner. Will you walke Gentlemen.

*Lamb.* If it please you to place one of us for your conduct,  
Otherwise this old Coxcombe and I shall quarrell.

*Iane.* Sir *Godfry*, you are the eldest; pray lead the way.

*Speed.* Withall my heart, sweet Virgin; Ah, ha; this place  
Promises well in the eyes of experience; Master  
*Innocent*, come you behinde.

*Lamb.* Right Sir; but I put the Gentlewoman before, and that  
Is the thing I desire  
And there your experience halts a little.

*Speed.* When I looke backe, Sir, I see your nose behinde.

*Lamb.* Then when I looke backe, your nose stands here.

*Speed.* Sweet Lady, follow experience.

*Lamb.* And let observation follow you.

*Exeunt.*

*Brn.* So, now request you Master *Foster* in, *George*; but hark;  
Does that newes hold his owne still, that our ships  
Are so neare returne, as laden on the Downes

With

With such a wealthy fraughtage.

*Geo.* Yes Sir, and the next Tide purpose to put into the River :  
Master *Foster*, your partner, hath now receiv'd more  
Such intelligence, with most of the particulars  
Of your merchandize, your venture is return'd  
With trebble blessings.

*Bru.* Let him be ever blest that sent. *George* now call  
In the young man ; and hearke yee, *George*, from him  
Run to my Partner, and request him to me ; this  
Newes I'm sure makes him a joyfull Merchant ;  
For my owne part, I'l not forget my vow,  
This free addition heaven hath lent my state,  
As freely backe to heaven I'l dedicate.

*Ex. Geo.*

*Enter Robert Foster.*

I marry Sir, would this were a third Sutor  
To my daughter *Iane*, I should better  
Like him than all that's come yet. Now master *Foster*,  
Are your father and your selfe yet reconcil'd ?

*Rob.* Sir, 'twas my businesse in your courteous tongue  
To put the arbitration. I have againe  
(Discover'd by my mother) reliev'd my poore Vncle,  
Whose anger now so great is multiplyed,  
I dare not venter in the eye of either,  
Till your perswasions with faire excuse  
Have made my satisfaction.

*Bru.* Mother a pearle, Sir, 'tis a shrewd taske ;  
Yet I'l doe my best ; your father hath so good newes,  
That I hope 'twill be a faire motive too't ;  
But womens tongues are dangerous stumbling blocks

*Enter George.*

To lye in the way of peace. Now *George*.

*Geo.* Master *Foster*'s comming, Sir.

*Rob.* I beseech you Sir, let not me see him, till you  
Have confer'd with him.

*Bru.* Well, well, e'r your returne to Master *Foster*, call my  
Daughter forth of the garden. ]

*Ex. George.*

And how does your Vncle, Master *Foster* ?



*Rob.* Sir, so well, I'd be loth to anticipate the Same that shortly will o're-spread the city of his good fortunes.

*Bru.* Why I commend thee still,  
He wants no good from thee, no not in report :  
'Tis well done Sir, and you shew duty in't.

*Enter Iane.*

Now daughter, Where are your lusty Suitors ?

*Iane.* I was glad of my release, Sir : Suitors call you 'm,  
I'd keepe dishwater continually boyling, but I'd  
Seeth such Suitors ; I have had much adoe to  
Keepe 'm from bloodshed ; I have seene for all  
The world, a couple of cowardly Curs quarrell  
In that fashion, as t'one turnes his head, the  
Other snaps behind ; and as he turnes, his  
Mouth recoyles againe : but I thanke my paines  
For't, I have leagu'd with 'm for a weeke without  
Any farther entercourse.

*Bru.* Well daughter, well ; say a third trouble come ;  
Say in the person of young Master *Foster* here  
Came a third Suitor : how then ?

*Iane.* Three's the womans totall Arithmeticke in  
Deede, I would learne to number no farther,  
If there was a good account made of that.

*Rob.* I can instruct you so far, sweet Beauty.

*Iane.* Take heede, Sir ; I have had ill handsell to day ;  
Perhaps 'tis not the fortunate season, you were  
Best adjourne your journey to some happier time.

*Rob.* There shall no Augurifine fright my plaine  
Dealing : Sweete, I feare no houres.

*Iane.* You'l not betray me with love-powder

*Rob.* Nor with Gun-powder neither ifaith ; yet I'l  
Make you yeeld if I can.

*Bru.* Goe, get you together ; your father will be comming ;  
Leave me with your suite to him, ply this your selfe ;  
And *Iane*, use him kindly, he shall be his  
Fathers heire I can tell you.

*Jane.* Never the more for that, Father ; If I use him

Kindly,



Kindely, it shalbe for something I like in him.  
 Selfe, and not for any good he borrowes of his father.  
 But come Sir, will you walke into the Garden; for  
 That's the field I have best fortune to overcome  
 My Suitors in.

*Rob.* I feare not that fate neither, but if I walke  
 Into your Garden, I shall be tasting your sweetes.

*Iane.* Taste sweetely and welcome Sir; for there growes  
 Honesty, I can tell you.

*Rob.* I shall be plucking at your honesty.

*Iane.* By my honesty but you shall not Sir: I'll hold  
 You a hand full of Penny-royall of that y'faith,  
 If you touch my honesty there, I'll make you eate  
 Sorrill to your supper, though I eate Sullenwood my selfe:  
 No Sir, gather first Time and Sage, and such wholesome  
 Hearbes; and Honesty and Hearts-case will ripen  
 The whil't.

*Rob.* You have faire Roses, have you not?

*Iane.* Yes Sir, Roses; but no Gillyflowers. *Ex. Ambo.*

*Enter Master Foster and his wife.*

*Brn.* Goe, goe, and rest on Venus Violets; shew her  
 A dozih of Batchelors Buttons Boy; Here comes  
 His father, Now my kind Partner, have we  
 Good newes?

*O. Fost.* Sir, in a word, take it; Your full lading and venture  
 Is return'd at sixty fold encrease.

*Br.* Heaven take the glory; A wondrous blessings  
 Oh keepe us strong against these flowing Tides!  
 Man is too weak to bound himselfe below,  
 When such high waves doe mount him.

*O. Fost.* O Sir, care and ambition seldome meete;  
 Let us be thrifty; Titles will faster come,  
 Than we shall wish to have them.

*Brn.* Faith I desire none.

*O. Fost.* Why Sir, if so you please, I'll ease your cares;  
 Shall I like a full adventurer now bid you  
 A certaine ready some for your halfe traffique.

*Bru.* I, and I'd make you gainer by it too;  
 For then would I lay by my trouble, and begin  
 A worke which I have promis'd unto heaven,  
 A house, a *Domus Dei* shall be rays'd,  
 Which shall to Doomesday be establisht for succour to  
 The poore; for in all Ages there must be such.

*O. Fost.* Shall I bid your venture at a venter.

*Bru.* Pray you doe Sir.

*O. Fost.* Twenty thousand pounds.

*Bru.* Nay, then you under-rate your owne value much;  
 Will you make it thirty?

*O. Fost.* Shall I meete you halfe way?

*Bru.* I meete you there Sir; for five and twenty thousand  
 Pounds the full ventures yours.

*O. Fost.* If you like my payment, 'tis the one halfe in ready  
 Cash, the other seal'd for six Monethes.

*Bru.* 'Tis Merchant like and faire; *George*, you  
 Observe this? Let the contents be drawne.

*Geo.* They shall Sir.

*O. Fost.* Your hazard is now all past, Sir.

*Bru.* I rejoyceat it, Sir, and shall not grudge your gaines,  
 Though multiplied to thousands.

*O. Fost.* Beleeve me Sir, I account my selfe a large  
 Gainer by you.

*Bru.* Much good may it be to you, Sir; but one  
 Thing at this advantage of my love to you  
 Let me entreate.

*O. Fost.* What is it, Sir?

*Bru.* Faith my old suite, to reconcile those breaches  
 'Twixt your kinde son and you; Let not the love  
 He shewes unto his Vncle, be any more a bar  
 To sunder your blessings and his duty.

*O. Fost.* I would you had enioyn'd me some great labour  
 For your owne loves sake, but to that my  
 Vow stands fixt against; I'm deafe,  
 Obdurate to either of them.

*M. Fost.* Nay Sir, if you knew all, you would not waste your  
 Words

Words in so vaine expence: since his last  
Reformation, he has flowne out againe,  
And in my sight relieved his Vncle in the  
Dicing house; for which, either he shalbe no  
Father to him, or no husband to me.

*Br.* Well Sir, go call my Daughter forth of the  
Garden, and bid her bring her Friend along  
With her; troth Sir, I must not leave you thus;  
I must needes make him your son againe.

*O. Fost.* Sir, I have no such thing a kin to me.

*Enter Robin and Iane.*

*Brn.* Looke you Sir, know you this duty?

*O. Fost.* Not I Sir; hee's a stranger to me: Save your  
Knee, I have no blessing for you.

*M. Fost.* Goe, goe to your Vncle Sir; you know where to  
Finde him, hee's at his old haunt, he wants  
More money by this time; but I thinke the  
Conduite pipe is stopt from whence it ran.

*O. Fost.* Did he not say, hee'd beg for you, you'd best  
Make use of's bounty.

*Brn.* Nay, good Sir.

*O. Fost.* Sir, if your daughter cast any eye of favour upon  
This Vnthrifft restraint, hee's a beggar: Mistris  
*Iane*, take heede what you doe.

*M. Fost.* I, I, be wise Mistris *Iane*; doe not you trust  
To spleene and time worne to pittie, you'l  
Not finde it so; therefore good Gentlewoman  
Take heede.

*Brn.* Nay then you are too impenitrable.

*O. Fost.* Sir, your money shall be ready, and your bills;  
Other businesse I have none: For thee,  
Beg, hang, dye like a slave;  
Such blessings ever thou from me shalt have.

*Ex. Foster and his wife.*

*Br.* Well Sir: I'l follow you; and Sir, be comforted,  
I will not leave till I finde some remorse;  
Meane time let not want trouble you;



You shall not know it.

*Rob.* Sir, 'tis not want I feare, but want of blessing  
My knee was bent for ; for mine Vncles state,  
Which now I dare say out-weighes my fathersfarre,  
Confirmes my hopes as rich, as with my fathers,  
His love excepted onely.

*Bru.* Thy Vncles state, how for heavens love.

*Rob.* By his late marriage to the wealthiest widow  
That London had, who has not onely made him  
Lord of her selfe, but of her whole estate.

*Bru.* Mother-a-pearle, I rejoyce in't: this newes  
Is yet but young?

*Rob.* Fame will soone speake it loud, Sir

*Bru.* This may helpe happily to make all peace;  
But how have you parly'd with my daughter, Sir.

*Jane.* Very well Father : We spake something, but did  
Nothing at all ; I requested him to pull me  
A Catherin Peare, and had not I lookt to him  
He would have mistooke and given me a Popperrin ;  
And to requite his kindenesse, I pluck'd him a Rose,  
And he had almost prick'd my finger for my paines.

*Bru.* Well said Wag, are there sparkes kindled, quench  
'M not for me, 'tis not a fathers roughnesse,  
Nor doubtfull hazard of an Vncles kindenesse  
Can me deterre ; I must to your father.  
Where(as a chiefe affaire) I'l once more moue,  
And if I can returne him backe to love.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doctor and Stephens Wife.*

*Wife.* Sir, you see I have made a speedy choyse,  
And as swift a marriage ; be it as it will,  
I like the man, if his qualities afflict me,  
I shall be happy in't.

*Doct.* I must not distaste, what I have help'd to make ;  
'Tis I that joynd you.

*Wife.* A good bargaine, I hope.

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Where's your Master?



*Clo.* The Good man of the house is within forsooth,

*Wife.* Not your Master, Sir.

*Clo.* 'Tis hard of digestion : Yes, my Master is within ;  
Hee masters you therefore I must be  
Content: You have long'd for Crosses a good  
While, and now you are like to be  
Farther off them than e'r you were ; For  
I'm affraid, your good husband will leave  
You ne'r a crosse i'th' house to blesse you with.

*Wife.* Well Sir, I shall be blest in't : But where is he ?

*Clo.* Where he has mistaken the place a little,  
Being his wedding-day ; he is in *nomine*,  
When he should be in *re*.

*Wife.* And where's that ?

*Clo.* In your Counting-house ; If he were a kinde  
Husband, he would have bin in another  
Counting-house by this time : hee's tumbling  
Over all his money bags yonder ; you shall  
Heare of him in the bowling Alley againe.

*Wife.* Why Sir, all is his, and at his  
Dispose ; who shall dare to twhart him ?

*Enter Stephen with bills and bonds.*

*Clo.* Looke where he comes.

*Wife.* How now, Sweete-heart ? what hast thou there ?

*Ste.* I finde much debts belonging to you, Sweete ;  
And my care must be now to fetch them in ;

*Wife.* Ha, ha, prethee doe not mistake thy selfe,  
Nor my true purpose ; I did not wed to thrall,  
Or binde thy large expence, but rather to adde  
A plenty to that liberty ; I thought by this,  
Thou would'st have stuf't thy pockets full of Gold,  
And throwne it at a hazard ; made Ducks and Drakes,  
And baited fishes with thy silver flies ;  
Lost, and fetcht more: why this had bin my joy ;  
Perhaps at length thou would'st have wast'd  
My store ; why, this had bin a blessing to  
Good for me.

*Sec.* Content thee, Sweete, those daies are gone,  
 I, even from my memorie ;  
 I have forgot that e'r I had such follies,  
 And I'l not call 'm backe : my cares are bent  
 To keepe your state, and give you all content.  
*Roger*, goe, call your fellow-servants up to me,  
 And to my Chamber bring all bookes of debt;  
 I will o're-looke, and cast up all accounts,  
 That I may know the weight of all my cares,  
 And once a yeere give up my stewardship.

*Clb.* Now you may see what hastie matching is;  
 You had thought to have bin vext, and now  
 You cannot : You have marryed a husband,  
 That, Sir reverence of the title, now being my Master in law,  
 I doe thinke hee'l proove the miserablest, covetous  
 Rascall, that ever beate beggar from his gate. But  
 'Tis no matter; time was when you were fairely  
 Offered, if you would have tooke it; you might have had  
 Other matches y'faith, if it had pleas'd you; and those  
 That would have crost you; I would have sold away  
 All that ever you had had; have kept two or three  
 Whores at liverie under your nose; have turn'd you out  
 In your smocke, and have us'd you like a woman; where  
 As now, if you'd hang your selfe, you can have none of  
 These blessings; but 'tis well enough, now you must  
 Take what follows.

*Wife.* I'm new to seeke for crosses, the hopes I meant  
 Turne to despaire, and smother in content.

*Enter Robert.*

*Ste.* O Nephew are you come. The welcom'st wish  
 That my heart has; This is my Kinsman, Sweete.

*Wife.* Let him be largely texted in your love;  
 That all the Citty may reade it fairely;  
 You cannot remember me, and him forget;  
 We were alike to you in poverty.

*Ste.* I should have beg'd that bounty of your love,  
 Though you had scant'd me to have given't him;

For we are one, I an Vncle Nephew,  
He a Nephew Vncle. But my Sweete selfe,  
My slow request you have anticipated  
With proffer'd kindenesse; and I thanke you for it.  
But how, kinde Cozin, does your father use you?  
Is your name found againe within his bookes?  
Can he reade son there?

*Rob.* 'Tis now blotted quite: for by the violent instigation  
Of my cruell Stepmother, his Vowes and Othes  
Are stamp't against me, ne'r to acknowledge me,  
Ne'r to call, or blesse me as a childe;  
But in his brow, his bounty, and behaviour  
I reade it almost plainelie.

*Ste.* Cozin, grieve not at it; that father lost at home,  
You shall finde here; and with the losse of his inheritance,  
You meete another amply proffer'd you;  
Be my adopted son, no more my kinsman;  
So that this borrowed bounty doe not stray  
From your consent.

*Wife.* Call it not borrowed, Sir, 'tis all your owne;  
Here'fore this reverent man I make it knowne;  
Thou art our childe as free by adoption,  
As deriv'd from us by conception, birth, and  
Propinquitie; Inheritour to our full substance.

*Rob.* You were borne to blesse us both,  
My knee shall practise a sons duty  
Even beneath sons, giving you all  
The comely dues of parents; yet not  
Forgetting my duty to my father;  
Where e'r I meet him, he shall have my knee,  
Although his blessing ne'r returne to me.

*Ste.* Comethen my dearest son, I'll now give thee  
A taste of my love to thee; be thou my deputy,  
The Factour and disposer of my businesse;  
Keepe my accounts, and order my affaires;  
They must be all your owne; for you, deere Sweet,  
Be merry, take your pleasure, at home, abroad;



Visit your neighbours ; ought that may seeme good  
 To your owne will, downe to the Country ride ;  
 For cares and troubles lay them all aside,  
 And I will take them up, it's fit that weight  
 Should now lye all on me: take thou the height  
 Of quiet and content, let nothing grieve thee ;  
 I brought thee nothing else, and that I'll give thee.

*Ex. Stephen and Robin.*

*Wife.* Will the Tide never turne ? Was ever woman  
 Thus burden'd with unhappy happinesse ?  
 Did I from Ryot take him, to waste my goods,  
 And he strives to augment it ? I did mistake him.

*Doe.* Spoyle not a good Text with a false Comment ;  
 All these are blessings, and from heaven sent ;  
 It is your husbands good, hee's now transform'd  
 To a better shade, the prodigall's return'd.  
 Come, come, know joy, make not abundance scant ;  
 You 'plaine of that which thousand women want. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alderman Bruine, Master Foster and Factors  
 bearing o'r bags.*

*Bru.* So, so, haste home good Lads, and returne for the rest.  
 Would they were cover'd, *George*, 'tis too Publicke  
 Blazon of my estate ; but 'tis no matter now ;  
 I'll bring it abroad againe e'r it belong.  
 Sir, I acknowledge receipt of my full halfe debts,  
 Twelve thousand five hundred pounds; it now remains  
 You scale those writings, as assurance for the rest,  
 And I am satisfied for this time.

*O. Fost.* Pray stay Sir, I have bethought me, let me once  
 Throw Dice at all, and either be a compleate  
 Merchant, or wracke my estate for ever;  
 Heare me Sir, I have of wares that are now vendible,  
 So much as will defray your utmost penny ;  
 Will you accept of them, and laye this charge  
 Of wax and parchment.

*Bru.* Bethey vendible Sir? I am your Chapman ;  
 What are they, Master Foster?

*O. Fost.*

*O. Fost.* Broad clothes, Karsies, Cutchineale, such  
As will not stay two dayes upon your hands.

*Bru.* I finde your purpose; you'd have your Ware-  
Houses empty for the receipt of your full freight;  
I'll be your furtherer, make so your rates, that  
I may be no looser.

*Enter George and Richard.*

*O. Fost.* I have no other end, Sir; let our  
Factors peruse and deale for both.

*Bru.* Mine is return'd; *George*, here's a new businesse;  
You and *Richard* must deale for some commodities  
Betwixt us, if you finde 'in even gaine or but  
Little losse, take carriage presently and carry 'in home.

*Geo.* I shall.

*O. Fost.* *Richard*, have you any further newes yet from our  
shipping?

*Ric.* Not yet, Sir; but by account from the last, when they  
Put from Dover, this Tide should bring them into  
Saint *Catharins* Poole; the winde has bin friendly.

*O. Fost.* Listen their arrivall, and bid the Gunner speake it  
In his lowd thunder all the Citty over;  
Tingle the Merchants eares at the report  
Of my abundant wealth; now goe with *George*.

*Rich.* I shall doe both, Sir.

*Exeunt Factors.*

*O. Fost.* I must plainly now confesse, Master Alderman,  
I shall gaine much by you. The halfe of your  
Ship defrayes my full cost.

*Bru.* Beshrew me if I grudge it, being my selfe a  
Sufficient gainer by my venter, Sir.

*Enter Mistris Foster.*

*M. Fost.* Still flowes the Tide of my unhappinesse;  
The stars shoote mischief, and every houre  
Is criticall to me.

*O. Fost.* How now woman? wrackt in the heaven of felicity?  
What ay!st thou?

*M. Fost.* I thinke the divel's mine enemy

*O. Fost.* I hope so too ; his hate is better than his friendship.

*M. Fost.* Your brother, your good brother, Sir.

*O. Fost.* What of him ? hee's in Ludgate againe.

*M. Fost.* No, hee's in Hye-gate ; he struts it bravely,  
An Aldermans pace at least.

*O. Fost.* Why, these are Oracles, doubtfull Enigma's !

*M. Fost.* Why, I'm sure you have heard the newes ;  
Hee's married forsooth.

*O. Fost.* How, married ? no woman of repute would choose  
So slightly.

*M. Fost.* A woman, in whose brest, I had thought had liv'd  
The very quintessence of discretion ; and who is't,  
Thinke you ? nay you cannot ghesse, though I should give  
You a day to riddle it ; 'tis my Gossip, Man, the rich  
Widdow of Cornehill.

*O. Fost.* Fye, fye, 'tis fabulous.

*M. Fost.* Are you my husband ? then is shee his wife,  
How will this upstart beggar shoulder up,  
And take the wall of you ? his new found pride  
Will know no eldership.

*O. Fost.* But wife, my wealth will five times double his, e'r  
This Tide ebbe againe ; I wonder I heare not the  
Brazen Cannon proclame the Arrivall of my  
Infinite substance.

*M. Fost.* But beggars will be proud of little, and shoulder at  
the best.

*O. Fost.* Let him first pay his old score, and then reckon ;  
But that shee : —

*M. Fost.* I, that's it mads me too.  
Would any woman, lesse to spite her selfe,  
So much prophane the sacred name of wedlocke :  
A Dove to couple with a Storke, or a Lambe a Viper ?

*O. Fost.* Content thee ; Forgive her ; shee'l doe so no more ;  
She was a rich widdow, a wife hee'l make her peore.

*Bru.* So Sir, you have clos'd it well ; if so ill it prove,  
Leave it to prooffe, and wish not misery

*Enter Stephen and Robert.*



Vnto your enemy. Look, here he comes.

*O. Fost.* You say true, 'tis my enemy indeede.

*Ste.* Save you Master Alderman, I have some businesse with you.

*Bru.* With me, Sir, and most welcome, I rejoyce to see you.

*M. Fost.* Doe you observe, Sir; he will not know you now?

*Jockey's* a Gentleman now.

*O. Fost.* Well fare rich widowes, when such beggars flourish;  
But ill shall they fare, that flourish o're such beggars.

*Ste.* Ha, ha, ha.

*M. Fost.* He laughs at you.

*O. Fost.* No wonder, woman, he would doe that in Ludgate;  
But 'twas when his kind Nephew did relieve him;  
I shall heare him cry there againe shortly.

*Ste.* Oysters, new Walfleet Oysters.

*O. Fost.* The Gentleman is merry.

*M. Fost.* No, no, no; he does this to spight me; as who  
Should say, I had bin a fish-wife in my younger dayes.

*Bru.* Fye, fye, Gentlemen, this is not well;  
My cares are guilty to heare such discords.  
Looke, Master *Foster*; turne your eye that way;  
There's duty unregarded, while envy sits  
In too much state: believe me, Gentlemen,  
I know not which to chide first.

*O. Fost.* What Idoll kneeles that heretique too.

*Ste.* Rise Boy; thou art now my son, and owest no knee  
To that unnaturall; I charge you rise.

*O. Fost.* Doe Sir, or turne your adoration that way;  
You were kind to him in his tatter'd state;  
Let him requite it now.

*M. Fost.* Doe, doe, we have pai'd for't aforehand,

*Rob.* I would I were divided in two halfes, so that  
Might reconcile your harsh division.

*Ste.* Proud Sir, this son which you have alienated  
For my loves sake, shall by my loves bounty  
Ride side by side in the best Equipage,  
Your scornes dare patterne him.

*O. Fost.*

*O. Fost.* I, I, a beggars gallop up and downe.

*M. Fost.* I, 'tis up now, the next step downe.

*Ste.* Ha, ha, I laugh at your envy Sir, my businesse  
Is to you.

*Brn.* Good Sir, speake of any thing but this.

*Ste.* Sir, I am furnishing some shipping forth,  
And want some English traffique, Broad-clothes, Karkies  
Or such like; my voyage is to the Straites:  
If you can supply me, Sir, I'll be your Chapman.

*Brn.* That I shall soone resolve you, Sir;

*Enter Factors.*

Come hither *George.*

*O. Fost.* This is the rich Merchant-man;

*M. Fost.* That's neither grave nor wise;

*O. Fost.* Who will kill a man at Tiburne shortly.

*M. Fost.* By Carts that may arise; Or if the hangman dye,  
He may have his office.

*Brn.* Then you have bargain'd, *George.*

*Geo.* And the Ware carryed home, Sir; you must looke  
To be little gainer; but lose you cannot.

*Brn.* 'Tis all I desire from thence, Sir I can furnish you  
With Wares I lately from your brother bought;  
Please you goe see them, for I would faine divide you,  
Since I can win no nearer friendship.

*Ste.* I'll goe with you, Sir.

*Exeunt Alderman, Stephen and George.*

*O. Fost.* Take your adoption with you, Sir.

*Rob.* I crave but your blessing with me, Sir.

*O. Fost.* 'Tis my curse then; get thee out of mine eye.  
Th'art a beame in't, and I'll teare it out e'r it  
Offend to looke on thee.

*M. Fost.* Goe, goe, Sir; follow your Vncle-father,  
Helpe him to spend, what thrift has got together;  
'T wilbe charity in you to spend,  
Because your charity it wasto lend.

*Rob.* My charity; you can a vertue name,  
And teach the use, yet never knew the same

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter Richard.*

*O.Fost.* See wife, here comes *Richard*;  
Now listen, and heare me crown'd  
The wealthiest London Merchant,  
Why dost thou looke so sadly?

*M.Fost.* Why dost not speake; hast lost thy tongue?

*Rich.* I never could speake worse.

*O.Fost.* Why, thy voyce is good enough.

*Ric.* But the worst accent that ever you heard,  
I speake a Screechowles note. Oh you have made  
The most unhappiest bargaine that ever Merchant did!

*O.Fost.* Ha? what can so balefull be, as thou would'st seeme  
To make by this sad prologue? I am no traytor  
To confiscate my goods: speake, what e'r it be.

*Ric.* I would you could conceite it, that I might not speake it.

*O.Fost.* Dally not with torments, sinke me at once.

*Ric.* Now y'ave spoke it halfe; 'tis sinking I must treat of;  
Your ships are all sunke.

*O.Fost.* Hah!

*M.Fost.* O thou fatall Raven; Let me pull thine eyes out for  
this  
Sad croake.

*O.Fost.* Hold woman; hold prethee; 'tis none of his fault.

*M.Fost.* No, no, 'tis thine, thou wretch; and therefore  
Let me turne my vengeance all on thee; thou  
Hast made hot haste to empty all my Ware-houses,  
And made roome for that the sea hath drunk before  
Thee.

*O.Fost.* Vndone for ever! Where could this mischief fall?  
Were not my ships in their full pride at Dover;  
And what English *Carybda's* has the divell dig'd  
To swallow nearer home.

*Ric.* Even in the Mouth, and entrance of the *Thames*  
They were all cast away.

*O.Fost.* Dain up thy Mouth from any farther  
Mischievous relation.

*Rich.* Some men were say'd, but not one penny-worth of

(goods.

*O.Fost.*



*O. Fost.* Even now thy balefull utterance was chok'd,  
And now it runs too fast; thou fatall Bird no more.

*M. Fost.* May Serpents breed, and fill this fatall Streame,  
And poyson her for ever.

*O. Fost.* O curse not, they come too fast!

*M. Fost.* Let me curse somewhere, Wretch, or else I'll throw  
Them all on thee; 'tis thou, ungodly Slave,  
That art the marke unto the wrath of Heaven:  
I thriv'd e'r I knew thee.

*O. Fost.* I prethee split me too.

*M. Fost.* I would I could; I would I had never seene thee;  
For I ne'r saw houre of comfort since I knew thee.

*O. Fost.* Vndone for ever, my credit I have crackt,  
To buy a Venture, which the Sea has sok'd;  
What worse can woe report.

*M. Fost.* Yes worse than all,  
Thy enemies will laugh, and scorne thy fall.

*O. Fost.* Be it the worst then; that place I did assigne  
My unthrifty brother, Ludgate, must now be mine.  
Breake, and take Ludgate.

*M. Fost.* Take Newgate rather.

*O. Fost.* I scorn'd my child, now he may scorne his father.

*M. Fost.* Scorne him still.

*O. Fost.* I will; would he my wants relieve,  
I'd scorne to take what he would yeeld to give:  
My heart be still my friend, although no other;  
I'll scorne the helpe of either son, or brother,  
My portion's begging now, seldome before.  
In one sad houre, was man so rich and poore.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

---

*Actus Quartus.*


---

*Enter Mistris Jane, Godfry Speedewell, and Master Lambskin.*

*Jane.*

**G**entlemen, my Father's not within; please  
You to walke a turne or two in the garden,  
Hee'l not be long.

*Lamb.* Your father, *Mistris Jane*, I hope you have observation  
in you,

And know ora humours; we come not a wooing to your Father.

*Speed.* Experience must beare with folly; Thou art all inno-  
cent,

And thy name is *Lambskin*; grave Sapience guides me,  
And I care not a pin for thy squibs, and thy Crackers;  
My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when  
Thy greene Chips shall lye hissing in the Chimney-  
Corner. Remember *Mistris*, I can make you a Lady by  
Mine owne experience.

*Lamb.* Prethee doe not stand troubling the Gentlewoman  
With thy musty sentences, but let her love be laid  
Downe betwixt us like a paire of Cudgells, and into  
Whose hands she thrusts the weapons first, let him  
Take up the Bucklers.

*Speed.* A match betweene us

*Jane.* Must I be stickler then?

*Lamb.* We are both to run at the Ring of your setting  
Up, and you must tell us who deserves most favour.

*Jane.* But will you stand both at my disposing?

*Lamb.* Else let me never stand but in a Pillory.

*Jane.* You love me both you say?

*Speed.* By this hand. ———

*Lamb.* Hand? Zoundes by the foure and twenty Elements.

*Iane.* Pray spare your oathes; I doe believe you doe  
You would not else make all this stir to wooe.  
*Sir Godfry,* you are a knight both tough and old,  
A rotten building cannot long time hold.

*Lamb.* Speedewell, livewell, dye well, and be hang'd well,  
Change your cobby well, your experience will not carry it else.

*Iane.* Y'are rich too, at least your selfe so fey;  
What though? y'are but a gilded man of clay.

*Lamb.* A man of Ginger-bread; y'faith I could finde in  
My heart to eate him.

*Iane.* Should I wed you, the fire with frost must marry  
*Ianuary* and *May*; I for a younger tarry.

*Lamb.* That's I; introth I'll be thy young *Lambskin*; thou shalt  
Finde me as innocent as a sucking Dove; speake, Sweete  
Mistress, am I the youth in a basket?

*Iane.* You are the sweete youth Sir, whose pretty eyes  
Would make me love; but you must first be wise.

*Speede.* Ah, hah, is your coxcombe cut? I see experience must  
Boord this faire Pinnacle: a word in private.

*Lamb.* I'll have no words in private, unlesse I heare too.

*Enter Master Bruine, Stephen and Robin.*

*Bru.* Come Gentlemen, we'll make few  
Words about it; Merchants in  
Bargaining must not, like Souldiors lying at a siege, stay  
Moneths, weekes, daies, but strike at the first parley.  
Broad-clothes, and Woolls, and other rich Commodities, I  
Lately from your brother bought, are all your owne.

*Bru.* 'Tis well. *Ste.* Then be not angry gentle Sir,  
If now a string be touch'd, which hath too long  
Sounded so harshly over all the Citty;  
Inow would winde it to a muscalle height.

*Ste.* Good Master Alderman. I thinke that string will still  
Offend mine eare; You meane the jarring  
'Twixt me and my brother?

*Bru.* In troth the same.

*Ste.* I hate no poyson like that brothers name.

*Bru.* O Fye, not so.



*Ste.* Vncivill churle, when all his sailes were up,  
And that his proud heart danc'd on golden waves :

*Brn.* As heaven be thank'd it still does.

*Ste.* Yet Sir, then I being sunke, and drown'd in mine  
Owne misery, he would not cast out a poore line  
Of thred to bring me to the shore ; I had bin  
Dead, and might have starv'd for him.

*Brn.* A better fate Sir, stood at your elbow.

*Ste.* True Sir ; this was he that lifted me from want  
And misery, whose cruell father for that  
Good cast him away ; scorning his name and blood ;  
Lopt from his side this branch that held me decre.  
For which hee's now my son, my joy, my heire.  
But for his father hang him.

*Brn.* Fye, fye.

*Ste.* By heaven.

*Brn.* Come, come, live in more charity, he is your brother ;  
If that name offend, I'l sing that tune no more.  
Yonder's my daughter busie with her suitors ;  
Wee'l visit them. Now *Iane*, bid your friends  
Welcome.

*Iane.* They must be welcome Sir, that come with you ;  
To thee ten thousand welcomes still are due.

*Rob.* My sweete Mistris.

*Kisse him.*

*Lamb.* Zounds Sir knight, we have stood beating the Bush  
And the bird's flowne away ; this Citty  
Bowler has kist the Mistris at first cast.

*Brn.* How fare yee Gentlemen, what cheere Sir knight ?

*Speed.* An' adventurer still Sir, to this new found land.

*Lamb.* He sayles about the point Sir, but he cannot put in yet.

*Brn.* The winde may turne Sir. A word Master *Foster*.

*Lamb.* You see Sir *Speedwell*, what Card is turn'd  
Vp for trumpe ; I hold my life this spruce  
Cittizen will forestall the market, Oh  
These briske factors, are notable firkers.

*Speed.* I doubt Sir, he will play the merchant with us.

*Brn.* They both are suitors Sir, yet both shoote wide ;

My daughter sure must be your kinsmans bride.

*Ste.* I'll give her a wedding Ring on that condition  
And put a Stone in't worth a thousand pounce, Sir.

*Bru.* You have my hand and heart too't, be she pleas'd so.

*Lamb.* S'foote, let's shew our selves Gallants, or Gallymaw-  
fries;

Shall we be out-brav'd by a Cockney. A word  
My faire *Zenocrates*; Doe you see Sir, here be those  
That have gon a fishing, and can give you a  
Gudgion.

*Rob.* You were best goe fish for better manners, or I  
Shall bob for Eles with you.

*Lamb.* Zoundes are you a striker? Draw, Sir knight.

*Bru.* Not in my house; I pray be quiet Gentlemen.

*Rob.* He dares not doe't abroad believe me, Sir.

*Ste.* Now by my life my Boy, for this brave spirit  
I hug thee in mine armes: lose life and limbes  
E'r thou forsake thy love.

*Lamb.* Hee's no Rivall here Sir; has struck me,  
And we are Gentlemen.

*Speed.* And heare yee, Sir, let him seeke out his equalls;  
For some of us are in danger to make her  
A Lady shortly: I know what I speake; what  
I speake, I'l doe; yet I'l doe nothing, but  
What comes from grave experience.

*Ste.* Speake what you please Sir, hee's a Gentleman as  
Good as either of you both, and shall in lists of  
Love for such a bed-fellow, brave him that dares,  
And here lay downe more gold to win her love,  
Than both your states are worth.

*Speed.* Ha? doe you know us, Sir? You grow too bold;  
My experience now hath found you;  
You were once a tatter'd fellow, your name is  
*Foster*; have you such gold to give?

*Lamb.* Yes, yes, has won it betting at the bowling Alleyes,  
Or at the Pigeon-holes in the Garden Alleyes. (scorne,

*Ste.* You are muddy Groomes to upbraide mee with that  
Which

Which vertue now gilds over; Pray yee Gentlemen  
May I request your names.

*Lamb.* Our names are in the Heralds bookes I warrant you;  
My name is *Innocent Lambskin*; and this Knight,  
Simply though he stands here, is knowne to be  
*Sir Godfry Speedewell*.

*Step.* Well may he Speede Sir; *Lambskin* and *Speedewell*;  
Ha? Is't so? I thinke I shall give you a medicine  
To purge this itch of love, Sir.

*Lamb.* No itch neither Sir, we have no scabs here,  
But your selfe and your Cozin.

*Ste.* Very good Sir, my little *Lambskin*. I have you  
Here in *Sheepeskin*; looke you, 'tis so y'faith.  
See, Master Alderman, these two crackt Gallants  
Are in severall bonds to my Predecessor  
For a debt of full two thousand apiece.  
Cozin, fetch me a Serjeant straite.

*Rob.* Yes Sir.

*Speed.* O let him, I have a protection, Sir,

*Ste.* I'll try that, Sir.

*Speed.* A Serjeant? Nay, then experience must worke,  
Legs be strong and bold; when Serjeants waite  
At feasts, the cheere's but cold;  
I'll shift for one.

*Ex.*

*Lamb.* Knight, knight; S'foote if an errand Knight  
Run away, I were an arrand Ass to tarry,  
And be catch'd in the lime-bush. I love the  
Wench well; but if they have no hole to  
Place me in, but the hole in the Counter,  
I'll be gone and leave 'm; that's flat

*Ex.*

*Bru.* You have scar'd the suitors from the marke, Sir.

*Ste.* I am glad on't, Sir; they are but such as seek  
To build their rotten state on you, and with your  
Wealth to underprop their weakenesse;  
Believe me, reverend Sir, I had much rather  
You'd venter that my Cuz might call you father.

*Enter Stephens Wife.*

*Bru.*



*Bru.* We'll talke of that anon; See Sir,  
Here comes your wife, the theame  
Of all her time, with goodnesse mixt, the happy  
Woman that was never vext; y'are welcome  
*Mistris Foster.*

*Ent. Stepen's Wife.*

*Wife.* I thanke ye c Sir.

*Ste.* Wife, your two debtors were here but now; *S. Speedwell*  
And *Lambskin*; A Wolfe could not have torne  
Poore *Lambskin* worse, than the bare name  
Of a Serjeant: the very thought made them both  
To take their heeles and run away.

*Wife.* 'Las, they are poore and leane, and being so;  
Kill them not till they are fatter.

*Ste.* At thy girdle, Sweete, hangs the keyes, to  
Lock the prison dores or let them loose:  
'Twas my intent onely in way of mirth to  
Rid them from the presence of *Mistris Iane*,  
That our adopted son might have no bar  
Vnto his love.

*Wife.* The match is faire; and were that knot once tyed,  
I'd send some Angelsto attend the bride.

*Enter George.*

*Ste.* Sir, here's your factor.

*Bru.* Are the wares ready.

*Geo.* Yes, and deliver'd Sir, to Master *Foster's* servants,  
Who conveyed them in Carts to the Custome-  
House, there to be shipt; but going with them,  
Sir, I met ill newes.

*Bru.* Ill newes? what ist?

*Geo.* Old Master *Foster's* ships so richly laden,  
By strange misfortune, Sir, are cast away.

*Bru.* Now heaven forbid!

*Rob.* Oh mee!

*Ste.* How? cast away; where?

*Bru.* 'Tis impossible; they rid at Dover safe,  
When he out-bought my full share in the fraught,  
And paid me downe neare thirty thousand pounds

In wares and money.

*Geo.* Which had he not done, you had lost your venture:  
By Master *Foster's* owne appointment Sir, they weighed  
Their Anchors up, and so to come for London;  
But by a mercilesse storme they all were  
Swallowed, even in the Theames mouth; yet  
The men were sav'd, but all the goods were lost.

*Rob.* O my poore father! This losse will breake his backe.

*Ste.* Ha? What's that to you? if in my favour you'l  
Sit warme, then bury all love to him,  
Nay duty, heare you Sir? What shed'st thou teares  
For him, that had no care to see thy heart drop  
Blood? he was unnaturall, and heaven hath  
Iustly now rewarded him.

*Bru.* 'Tis a most strange Fate; he needes would buy my  
Part at any rate, he card not what; and now all's lost,

*Ste.* Greedy desire he swallowed, and now is swallowed;  
'Tis but his hyre; and I'l not pittie it, no more  
Than he, in his abundance, did my misery.

*Wife.* I grieve for my poore Gossip, his good wife,  
She never met good fortune all her life,  
And this will breake her heart-strings:  
In good sooth I'l goe and comfort her.

*Ste.* In good sooth you shall not,  
Nor him, nor her at this time, gentle wife;  
He scorn'd me in his height, now being poore,  
If that he needes my helpe, he knowes my doore.  
Sir, we'l for this time leave you, at fitter leasure,  
We'l have this marriage talk't of.

*Bru.* At your owne good pleasure.

*Ste.* Come wife; Goe not to see your father, Sir, I charge you.

*Bru.* Iane, bring your friends toth' dore.

*Rob.* I'l helpe my father, though my selfe grow poore.

*Bru.* Where's my Factor?

*Exeunt.*

*Geo.* Here Sir.

*Bru.* What, are the square stones, and timber  
Brought as I appointed?

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, and the workemen, that daily ply the Worke, are in number fourescore at least.

*Brn.* My vowes flew up to heaven, that I would make Some pious worke in the brasse booke of Fame, That might till Doomesday lengthen out my name; Neare Norton Folgate therefore have I bought Ground to erect this house, which I will call And dedicate, *Saint Marie's Hospitall*; And when 'tis finish'd, o'r the gates shall stand In capitall letters, the se words fairely graven For I have given the worke and house to heaven And cal'd it, *Domus Dei*, Gods house; For in my zealous faith I know full well, Where good deedes are, there heaven it selfe doth dwell. *Ex.*

*Enter Old Foster, Richard his factor, and the Keeper of Ludgate*

*Rich.* Good Sir, resolve not thus; returne againe, Your debts are not so great, that you should yeeld Your body thus to prison unconstrain'd.

*O. Fost.* I will not trust the iron hearts of men; My credit's lost, my wealth the Sea has swallowed, Wrack'd at my dore, even in the mouth o'th' Thames; Oh my misfortune! never man like me Was so throwne downe, and cast to misery.

*Rich.* Deare Sir, be patient.

*O. Fost.* I prethee get thee gone, and with thy diligence Assist thy Mistris to keepe that little left, to Helpe her selfe, whil'st here in Ludgate I secure My body from Writs, Arrests, and Executions, Which, well I know, my cruell Creditors will Thunder on me. Goe, get thee gone; if what Is left they'l take, doe thou agree; If not, I am here resoly'd to stay and dye.

*Rich.* I'l doe my best Sir, to procure your peace. *Exit.*

*O. Fost.* Do so. Come Sir, I yeeld my selfe your prisoner; You are the Keeper of this Ludgate.

*Keep.* Yes Sir, your name is registred among the prisoners.

*O. Fost.* So, I have seene the faire outside of this tombe before;

*This*



This goodly apple has a rotten core.

*Keep.* As all prisons have, Sir.

*O. Fost.* I prethee bar me of no priviledge due to a free Citizen; Thou knowest me well?

*Keep.* Yes Master *Foster*, and I sorrow for your losses, Yet doubt not but your son and brother.

*O. Fost.* O speake not of them! doe not kisse and kill me; I have no son nor brother that esteemes me, And I for ever hate their memory:

Prethee no more; I am come sicke into a Bad Inne, and looke for worse attendance, I have taken a surfeit of misfortunes, and here Must swallow pills

With poyson to recure me: I am sea-sicke, Sir, And heave my hands to heaven; ne'r to so Low an ebbe was *Foster* driven.

*Keep.* There be some Fees to pay, Sir, at your comming in.

*O. Fost.* So, so, if this old Wall-nut-tree, after all this Cudgelling, have but one cluster left, thou shalt Have that too; if not, take off these leaves that Cover me; pull off these white locks; rend them from My head, and let me in my woes be buried.

*Keep.* 'Las, Sir, this house is poore.

*O. Fost.* I think no lesse;

For rich men seldome meete with such distresse, Well, well, what booke must I reade over now? What servile Oare must I be tyed to here, Slave-like to tug within this christian Gallie?

*Keep.* Sir, being the youngest prisoner in the house, You must beg at the iron grate above, As others doe for your reliefe and their's.

*O. Fost.* For a beggar to beg, Sir, is no shame; And for the iron grate, it beares an embleme O firon-hearted Creditors, that force men lye In loathsome prisons thus to starve and die.

*Enter Robert and kneeles.*

*Keep.* Who would you speake with, Sir?

Oh, cry you mercy ; 'tis his sonne :  
 I'll leave them. Exit.

*O. Foff.* O torment to my soule ! What mak'st thou here ?  
 Cannot the picture of my misery  
 Be drawne, and hung out to the eyes of men,  
 But thou must come to scorne and laugh at it ?

*Rob.* Deare Sir, I come to thrust my backe under your loades,  
 To make the burden lighter.

*O. Foff.* Hence from my sight, dissembling villaine ; goe,  
 Thine Vncle sends defiance to my woe,  
 And thou must bring it : Hence, thou Basyliske,  
 That kil'st me with mine eyes : nay, never kneele ;  
 These scornefull mocks more than my woes I feele.

*Rob.* Alas, I mocke yee not ; but come in love,  
 And naturall duty Sir, to beg your blessing ;  
 And for mine Vncle —

*O. Foff.* Him, and thee I curse,  
 I'll starve, e'r I eate bread from his purse,  
 Or from thy hand ; Out villaine, tell that Cur,  
 Thy barking Vncle, that I lye not here  
 Vpon my bed of ryot, as he did,  
 Cover'd with all the villanies, which man  
 Had ever woven ; tell him I lye not so,  
 It was the hand of heaven strucke me thus low,  
 And I doe thanke it. Get thee gone, I say,  
 Or I shall curse thee, strike thee ; Prethee away ;  
 Or if thou'lt laugh thy fill at my poore state,  
 Then stay, and listen to the prison grate,  
 And heare thy father, an old wretched man,  
 That yesterday had thousands, beg and cry,  
 To get a penny : Oh my misery !

*Rob.* Deere Sir, for pitty heare me.

*O. Foff.* Vpon my curse I charge no nearer come,  
 I'll be no father to so vild a Son. Exit.

*Rob.* O my abortive fate !  
 Why for my good am I thus pay'd with hate ?  
 From this sad place of Ludate here I freed

An Vncle, and I lost a father for it ;  
 Now is my father here, whom if I succour,  
 I then must lose my Vncle's love and favour.  
 My Father once being rich, and Vncle poore,  
 I him relieving was thrust forth of dores ;  
 Baffled, revil'd, and disinherited :  
 Now mine owne Father here must beg for bread,  
 Mine Vncle being rich, and yet if I  
 Feede him, my selfe must beg. Oh misery,  
 How bitter is thy taste ! yet I will drinke  
 Thy strongest poyson ; fret what mischiefe can,  
 I'll feede my Father, though, like the Pellican,  
 I pecke mine owne brest for him.

*Old Foster, and above at the grate, a box hanging downe.*

*O. Fost.* Bread, bread, one penny to buy a  
 Loafe of bread for the tender mercy !

*Rob.* O me my shame ! I know that voyce full well ;  
 I'll help thy wants, although thou curse me still.

*O. Fost.* Bread, bread ; some Christian man send back  
 Your charity to an number of poore prisoners ;  
 One penny for the tender mercy.

*Robin puts in money.*

The hand of heaven reward you, gentle Sir,  
 Never may you want, never feeble misery ;  
 Let blessings in unnumbred measure grow,  
 And fall upon your head where e'r you goe.

*Rob.* O happy comfort ! curses to the ground  
 First stricke me, now with blessings I am crown'd.

*O. Fost.* Bread, bread, for the tender mercy ; one  
 Penny for a loafe of bread.

*Rob.* I'll buy more blessings ; Take thou all my store,  
 I'll keepe no coyne ; and see my father poore.

*O. Fost.* Good Angels guard you, Sir, my prayers shalbe  
 That heaven may blesse you for this charity.

*Rob.* If he knew me, sure he would not say so ;  
 Yet I have comfort if by any meanes  
 I get a blessing from my fathers hands :  
 How cheape are good prayers ? A poore penny buyes



That, by which man up in a minute flies,  
And mounts to heaven.

*Enter Stephen.*

Oh me, mine Vncle sees me!

*Ste.* Now Sir, what make you here so neere the prison?

*Rob.* I was going, Sir, to buy meate for a poore bird I have,  
That sits so sadly in the Cage of late,  
I thinke he'l dye for sorrow.

*Ste.* So Sir, your pittie will not quit you paines, I feare me;  
I shall finde that bird I thinke to be that churlish  
Wretch, your father, that now has taken  
Shelter here in Ludgate; Goe too, Sir, urge me  
Not, you'd best; I have given you warning:  
Fawne not on him nor come not neare him,  
If you'l have my love.

*Rob.* 'Las Sir, that Lambe  
Were most unnaturall that should hate the Dam.

*Ste.* Lambe me no Lambs, Sir.

*Rob.* Good Vncle; 'las you know when you lay here.  
I succour'd you, so let me now helpe him.

*Ste.* Yes, as he did me,  
To laugh and triumph at my misery;  
You freed me with his gold, but 'gainst his will:  
For him I might have rotted, and laine still;  
So shall he now.

*Rob.* Alack the day!

*Ste.* If him thou pittie, 'tis thine owne decay?

*O. Fost.* Bread, bread; some charitable man remember  
The poore prisoners; bread for the tender mercy,  
One penny.

*Rob.* O listen Vncle; that's my poore father's voyce.

*Ste.* There let him howle; Get you gon, and come not neare him

*Rob.* O my soule! what tortours dost thou feele?  
Earth neare shall find, a son so true,  
Yet forc'd to be unkind.

*Exit.*

*Ste.* Well, go thy waies, thou patterne of true vertue; (beare,  
My heart is full, I could even weepe, and much adoe I had to for-

To

To heare a brother begging in a Tayle,  
That but e'r while spread up a lesty sayle  
As proudly as the best: Oh, 'twere a sin  
Vnpardonable in me, should I not succour him?  
Yes, I will doe't, yet closely it shalbe done,  
And he not know from whence his comforts come.  
What ho, Keeper there, a word I praye.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* What's your pleasure, Sir.

*Ste.* What's he that at the grate there beg'd even now.

*Keep.* One Master *Foster*, Sir, a decayed Citizen new  
Come in. Cry you mercy Sir, you know him  
Better than my selfe, I thinke.

*Ste.* I should doe, knew he me as I would know  
Him: prethee take him from the grate,  
And that no more he stand to beg,  
There's ten pound to pay his score, and  
Take off all his wants; if he demand  
Who sends it, tell him, 'tis thine owne free  
Hand to lend him money.

*Keep.* Well Sir, I shall.

*Ste.* Spend what he will, my purse shall pay it all;  
And at his parting hence, the poorest prisoner,  
And all free Citizens that live in Ludgate,  
Shall blesse his comming in; I'l for his sake  
Doe something now, that whil'st this Citty stands,  
Shall keepe the *Foster's* name engraven so high,  
As no blacke storme shall cloud their memory.

*Keep.* Heaven blesse your purpose, Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Stephens Wife, and her sister Old Foster's Wife.*

*Wife.* Sister, there's no way to make sorrow light  
But in the noble bearing; be content;  
Blowes given from heaven are our due punishment;  
All shipwracks are no drownings, you see buildings  
Made fairer from their Ruines; he that I married,  
The brother to your husband, lay, you know,

On the same bed of misery, yet now  
Hee's ranckt with the best Citizens.

*M. Fost.* O you were borne to wealth and  
Happinesse; I, to want and scorne!

*Wife.* Come, I will worke my husband; stay this griefe.  
The longest sorrow findes at last reliefe.

*Enter Clowne.*

Now Sir, your businesse.

*Clo.* Marry mistris here are two creatures  
Searce able to make one man, desires to speake  
With you.

*Wife.* What are they, know their names.

*Clo.* Nay, I know that already; the one is a  
Thing that was pluc'd into the  
World, by the head and shoulders to be  
Wondered at, and 'tis cald a knight; the other  
Is a coach-horse of the same over-ridden race;  
And that's a foolish Gentleman.

*Wife.* O, they are my old debtors, *Speedwell* and *Lambskin*  
Goe call them in, and my gentle sister  
Comfort your selfe and my imprison'd brother,  
To whom commend me give to him this gold,  
What good I can, I'll doe for him be bold.

*M. Fost.* May heavenly blessings guard you from all ill:  
Never was woman vext as I am still.

*Exit.*

*Enter Speedwell and Lambskin.*

*Wife.* Now good Sir *Godfry* and Master *Janocent*.

*Lamb.* I put my innocent case into your hands  
Mistris, as a simple country Clyent thrusts his money  
Into a Lawyers, who stands upon no great  
Tearmes to take it.

*Speed.* We come about the old businesse, the sicknesse of the  
purse Lady

*Clo.* And they'd beloth to keepe their beds i'th' counter  
Mistris; they are affraid of Serjeants, Master *Lambskin*,  
Knowes that Mace is a binder.

*Lamb.* No truly it makes me loose for I never smell it, though

It



It be two streetes off, but it gives me a stoole presently?

*Clo.* I, you have bin a loose liver alwayes,  
'Tis time to looke to you.

*Speed.* Fayre Lady, we are your debtors, and owe you mony,  
Experience tels us that our bonds are forfeit,  
For which your husband threatned to arrest us; my  
Shoulders love no such clappings, I love  
Tobacco, but would be loth to drinke in Woodstreet-  
Pipes; some money we will pay ere we goe hence:  
I speake you see with grave experience.

*Wife.* I know it well, Sir.

*Lamb.* Had not your husband (when we went about fowling  
For the Aldermans daughter) driven away the Bird  
We might have bidden you to a better breakefast;  
But now you must take what we can set before you.

*Ent. Robert.*

*Wife.* I am content to doe so: you shall finde  
Nor me nor my husband carry a griping minde.  
Now Cuz, where's your Vncle.

*Rob.* He's hard at hand, I saw him comming  
With the Lord Maior and Aldermen.

*Lamb.* Zoundes Knight, if the Maior come  
The shoulder clappers are not farre off.

*Wife.* O feare not, I'l be your surety Sir.

*Clo.* Doe you not smell Poultry ware, Sir *Godfry?*

*Speed.* Most horribly, I'l not endure the sent on't.

*Wife.* Vpon my trust none here shall doe you wrong:  
What is his businesse with the Aldermen?

*Rob.* About the entertainment of the King  
That meanes to visit *London.*

*Wife.* Saw you your sad father?

*Rob.* I did; would I might never see man more  
Since he so hates my sight; the prison doore,  
Which gapes for commers in, that mouth of hell,  
Shut me out with a churlish cold farewell;  
After my fathers most unnaturall part  
Was plaid on miseries stage, mine Vncle comes

In thunder on me, threatening with blacke stormes  
To nayle me to the earth, if I releeyed my  
Poore old father.

*Ent. Stephen.*

*Clo.* Here's my master now Gentlemen.

*Ste.* O Gentlemen, y'are both welcome,  
Have you paid this money on your bonds yet?

*Wife.* Not yet Sir, but here they come like honest Gentlemen  
To take some order for it: good Sweetheart  
Shall it be put to me.

*Ste.* Doe as you please;  
In all thy deeds th'rt govern'd with good starres,  
Therefore if thou cry'st peace, I'll not raise warres,  
E'ne order it how thou wilt.

*Wife.* I thanke ye Sir; then tell me Gentlemen,  
What present money can you pay?

*Speed.* Two hundred pound we can lay downe.

*Lamb.* And take up seven times as much if we knew  
Where to get it; but there's our lamentable ease:  
Mistris, if you strip us any neerer, you'll strip the  
Skin and all I'll assure you,

*Wife.* We'll sheare no sheepe so close.

*Lamb.* No sheepe forsooth, but a poore innocent Lambskin.

*Clo.* You should be a Calfe by your white face.

*Wife.* All your two thousand pound Gentlemen we quit,  
For your two hundred: goe pay the money to  
My Cuz, and receive your two bonds cancelld:  
Say Sir, are ye content.

*Ste.* Wife I must stand to the arbitrement,  
Goe Cozin, receive their  
Money, and Sirra make them drinke.

*Clo.* I'll make them drinke if they will; come  
Gallants empty your bags, and I'll bumbast  
Your bellies; this leane Gentleman lookes  
As if he had no lining in's guts, I could  
Take him by the leg and hurle him into  
The dog-house.

*Exeunt.*

*Ste.*

*Ste.* How now sweet wife, what art thou  
Musing on?

*Wife.* I must come a wooing to you Sir.

*Ste.* A wooing sweet, for what?

*Wife.* For your brother; Oh 'tis unmeet  
For soules fram'd by one square to grow uneven,  
'Tis like a warre 'mongst the great lights of heaven,  
One cannot lose his beauty, but the other  
Suffers ecclipse; so brother against brother.

*Ste.* Wouldst have me kisse him that would kill me.

*Wife.* Would you kill a man lying at your feet:  
Doe good for ill.

*Ste.* Thy songs are Angels tunes, and on thy wings  
I'll flye with thee to heaven.

Thou speakest as I would have thee;  
His debts I have justly weighed, and finde them light.

*Wife.* The easier then tane off.

*Ste.* Thou sayest most right,  
But I of purpose keepe aloofe to try  
My kinsman; whom I spied most dolefully  
Hovering about the grate, where his father cry'd  
With pitteous voyce, for bread; yet did I chide  
And rayl'd against the Boy; but my heart sayes  
(Howere my tongue) it was drown'd in teares,  
To see such goodnesse in a sonne.

*Wife.* Such wheelles in childrens bosome seldome runne.

*Ste.* I'll lay a wager wife, that this two hundred pounds  
Payd by these foolish fellowes, will by the Boy  
Be given his father.

*Wife.* Troth would it might:

*Ste.* In doing me such wrong he does me right  
*Ludgate* was once my dwelling, and to shew  
That I true feeling of his misery knew;  
Albeit long since blowne o're; so thou'lt consent,  
Within that place I'll raise some monument,  
Shall keepe our names alive till doomes-day.

*Wife.* I gladly shall agree.



To any act that tends to charity.

*Enter Mr. Bruine.*

*Bru.* Come, where's Mr. *Foster*? Oh you lose time Sir,  
Not meeting fortune that comes to kisse you.  
The Lord Maior and Aldermen stay at the Guildhall,  
Expecting you, as well to set downe order  
Touching the entertainment of the King,  
As to elect you for the following yeere a Sheriffe of *London*.

*Ste.* Their loves out-strip my merit.  
Yet since they lay that load on me, I'll beare it,  
And wait in scarlet on my leige and King.  
But pray resolve me, Master Alderman,  
Why makes the King this visitation?

*Bru.* Troth Sir, to honour me, I thanke his highnesse,  
Who with my Lord the Cardinall comes along  
To see the dedication of my House,  
Built for the weary travellers to rest in;  
Where stands three hundred beds for their releefe,  
With meat, drinke, and some money when they part,  
Which I'll give freely with a willing heart.

*Ste.* A pious, worthy, and religious act:  
Come Sir, toth' Guildhall; Wife, looke to your  
Kinsman, watch him neare; but doe not hinder  
Him if he releefe his father: Come Master Alderman,  
With such sweet incense up your offerings flye,  
I'll build one Altar more to charity.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Old Foster, his Wife, and Keeper.*

*Keeper.*

Come, come, be merry Sir; doe as mourners doe at  
Funerals, weare your Hat in your eyes, and

Laugh

Laugh in your heart.

*O. Foſt.* I have no ſuch fat legacie left me,  
To teach me how to play the hypocrite.

*Keep.* No ? Why looke yee Sir, you ſhall want neither  
Meate, drinke, money, nor any thing that the  
Houſe affords, or if any thing abroad like yee,  
Sir, here's money, ſend for what you will Sir :  
Nay, you ſhall beg no more at the Grate neither.

*O. Foſt.* Ha ? Is not this Ludgate ?

*Keep.* Yes Sir.

*O. Foſt.* A Iayle, a priſon, a tombe of men lock'd up ;  
Alive and buried ?

*Keep.* 'Tis what you pleaſe to call it.

*O. Foſt.* O, at what crevice then hath comfort  
Like a Sun-beame crept ? for all the doores  
And windowes are of Iron, and barr'd to keepe  
Her out ; I had a limbe cut from my body  
Deare to me as life ; I had a ſon and brother too ;  
Oh grieve, they both would give me poyſon firſt  
In gold, before their hollow palmes ten  
Drops ſhould hold of natures drinke, cold water,  
But to ſave my life one minute ; whence  
Should pittie come, when my beſt friends doe  
Beate it from this roome.

*Keep.* No matter Sir, ſince you have good meat ſet  
Before you, never aſke who ſent it ; if heaven  
Provide for you, and make the fowles of the  
Ayre your Catons, feed you fat. and be thankfull,  
And ſo I leave you.

*Exit.*

*M. Foſt.* The Keeper is your friend, and powres true balme  
Into your ſmarting wounds ; therefore deare  
Husband endure the dreſſing with patience.

*O. Foſt.* O wiſe, my loſſes are as numberleſſe as the  
Sea's ſands that ſwallowed them. And I ſhall  
In reckoning them, my ſad griefes multiply ?

*M. Foſt.* You may Sir, but your dim eyes ſo thick with teares  
doe run.

You cannot see from whence your comforts come,  
 Besides your debts being truly counted cannot  
 Be great.

*O. Fost.* But all my wealth and state lyes in the seas  
 Bottom.

*M. Fost.* It againe may rise.

*O. Fost.* Oh never.

*M. Fost.* Good Sir, so hope, for I from heaven espy  
 An arme to plucke you from this misery.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* Sir, there's one without desires to speake with you.

*O. Fost.* Goe send him in; none comes to doe me good  
 My wealth is lost, now let them take my blood.

*Enter Robert.*

Ha? what art thou? Call for the Keeper there  
 And thrust him out of doores, or locke me up.

*M. Fost.* O 'tis your son, Sir.

*O. Fost.* I know him not:

I am no King, unlesse of scorne and woe;  
 Why kneel'st thou then; why dost thou mock me so?

*Rob.* O my deare father, hither am I come  
 Not like a threatning storme to encrease your wrack  
 For I would take all sorrowes from your backe  
 To lay them all on my owne.

*O. Fost.* Rise mischiefe, rise, away and get thee gone.

*Rob.* O if I be thus hatefull to your eye;  
 I will depart, and wish I soone may dye;  
 Yet let your blessing, Sir, fall on me.

*O. Fost.* My heart still hates thee.

*M. Fost.* Sweet husband.

*O. Fost.* Get you both gon;  
 That misery takes some rest that dwells alone;  
 Away thou villaine.

*Rob.* Heaven can tell, ake but your finger, I to make it  
 Well, would cut my hand off.

*O. Fost.* Hang thee, hang thee.

*M. Fost.* Husband.

*O. Fost.*



*O. Foſt.* Deſtruction meeets thee, turne the key there ho.

*Rob.* Good Sir: I'm gone, I will not ſtay to grieve you:  
Oh knew you (for your woes) what paines I feele,  
You would not ſcorne me ſo. See Sir, to coole  
Your heate of burning ſorrow I have got  
Two hundred pounds and glad it is my lot  
To lay it downe, with reverence at your feete;  
No comfort in the world to me is ſweet;  
Whil'ſt thus you live in moane.

*O. Foſt.* Stay.

*Rob.* Good troth Sir, I'l have none on't back;  
Could but one penny of it ſave my life.

*M. Foſt.* Yet ſtay and heare him; Oh unnaturall ſtriſe,  
In a hard fathers boſome.

*O. Foſt.* I ſee mine error now: oh can there grow  
A Roſe upon a Bramble? did there e'r flow  
Poyſon and health together in one tide?  
I'm borne a man; reaſon may ſtep aſide.  
And leade a father's love out of the way:  
Forgive me, my good Boy, I went aſtray;  
Looke, on my knees I beg it; not for joy  
Thou bringſt this golden rubbiſh, which I ſpurne  
But glad in this, the heaven's mine eye ball turne,  
And fixe them right to looke upon that face  
Where love remaines with pittie, duty, grace.  
Oh my deare wronged boy!

*Rob.* Gladneſſe o'rwhelmes my heart with joy I cannot ſpeak.

*M. Foſt.* Croſſes of this fooliſh world,  
Did never grieve my heart with torments more  
Than it is now growne light,  
With joy and comfort of this happy ſight.

*O. Foſt.* Yet wiſe, I diſinherited this boy.

*Rob.* Your bleſſings all I crave.

*O. Foſt.* And that enjoy for ever, evermore; my  
Bleſſings fly, to pay thy vertues, love and charity.

*Enter Stephens Wiſe*

*M. Foſt.* Here comes your brothers wiſe,

Welcomes

Welcome deare sister.

*Wife.* I thanke you; how fare you brother?

*O. Fost.* Better than your husband's hate could wish me,  
That laughes to see my backe with sorrowes bow:  
But I am rid of halfe my ague now.

*Wife.* Had you an ague then?

*O. Fost.* Yes, and my heart had every houre a fit.  
But now 'tas left me well, and I left it.

*Wife.* O, 'tis well Cozin, what make you heare I pray?

*Rob.* To support a weake house falling to decay.

*Wife.* 'Tis well, if you can doe't, and that the timber  
You under-prop it with be all your owne.

Hearke Cuz, where's your Vncles mony?

*Rob.* Faith Aunt 'tis gone, but not at dice,  
Nor drabbing.

*Wife.* Sir, I believe with your Vncles gold your father  
You relieve.

*Rob.* You are fav'd believing so, your believe's true.

*Wife.* You cut large thongs of that's another's due  
And you will answer't ill: now in good troth  
I laugh at this jest, much good doe them both:  
My wager I had won, had I but layd.

*O. Fost.* What has my poore boy done, that you have  
Made so much blood rise in's cheekes?

*Wife.* Nothing deare brother, indeed all's well:  
The course that he has runne I like and love,  
Let him hold on the same;

A sons love to a father none can blame;  
I will not leave your brother's iron heart  
Till I have beate it soft with my intreates.

*O. Fost.* 'Twill ne'r be musick 'tis so full of frets.

*Wife.* Frets make best musike: strings the higher  
Rack'd sound sweetest.

*O. Fost.* And sound nothing when they are crackt,  
As is his love to me, and mine to him.

*Wife.* I hope you both in smoother streames shall swim:  
Hee's now the Sheriffe of London, and in counsell.

Set at the Guildhall, in his scarlet Gowne  
 With Maior and Aldermen, how to receive the King,  
 Who comesto see Master *Bruines* Hospitall  
 To morow consecrated by'th Cardinall,  
 And old Saint *Marie's* Spittle, here by *Shoreditch*.

*M. Fost.* I sister, he and you may sit 'bout what you will;  
 Heaven I'm sure prospers it, but I am ever crost;  
 You have bin bound for thee great voyages,  
 Yet ne're run a ground; maid, wife, and widdow,  
 And wife agen; have spread full and faire sayles,  
 No wracks you e're did dread, nor e're felt any;  
 But even close a shore, I'm sunke, and midst of  
 All my wealth made poore.

*Wife.* You must thanke heaven.

*M. Fost.* I doe indeed, for all.

*Wife.* Sister, that hand can raise that gives the fall.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* Master *Foster*, the new Sheriffe your brother  
 Is come to *Ludgate*, and I am come in haste  
 To know your pleasure, if you would see him.

*O. Fost.* I'l see a fury first, hence, clap to the doore I prehee.

*Wife.* Why, 'tis your brother Sir.

*Rob.* Father let's flye the thunder of his rage.

*Wife.* Stand valiantly, and let me beare the storme, all hurts  
 That are, and ruines in your bosomes I'l repayre.

*Enter Stephen Foster.*

*Ste.* Where's the Keeper, goe Sir, take  
 My Officers, and see your prisoners  
 Presently convey'd from *Ludgate* unto  
*Newgate*, and the Counters.

*Keep.* I shall Sir.

*Ste.* Let the Constables of the Wards assist you,  
 Goe, dispatch and take these with you; how now,  
 What mak'st thou here thou Catiffe? ha! com'st  
 Thou to stitch his wounds that seekes to cut  
 My Throate, dar'st thou in dispight releev this  
 Dotard?



*O. Fost.* Get thee from my sight, thou divell in red;  
Com'st thou in scarlet pride to tread on thy poore  
Brother in a Iayle, Is there but one small conduit-  
pipe that runs could water to my comfort, and  
Wouldst thou cut off that thou cruell man?

*Ste.* Yes, I'll stop that pipe that thou maist pining sit,  
When drops but fell on me, thou poysond'st it:  
Thou thrust'st a sonnes name from thy cruell brest,  
For cloathing of his Vncle; now that Vncle  
Shall thrust him naked forth for clothing thee,  
Banisht for ever from my wealth and me.

*O. Fost.* Thou canst not be to nature so uneven,  
To punish that which has a pay from heaven;  
Pirty I meane, and duty; Wouldst thou strike?  
Wound me then, that will kill thee if I can,  
Tha'rt no brother, and I'll be no man.

*Ste.* Thou ravest.

*O. Fost.* How can I choose? thou makest me mad,  
For shame thou shouldst not make these white haire sad;  
Churle, beat not my poore boy, let him not lose  
Thy love for my sake, I had rather bruise,  
My soule with torments for a thousand yeeres, could  
I but live them, rather than salt teares thy  
Malice draw from him; see here's thy gold,  
Tell it, none's stole, my woes can ne'r be told.

*Rob.* O misery! Is nature quite forgot?

*O. Fost.* Choke with thy dung-hill muck, and vex me not.

*Ste.* No, keepe it, he perhaps, that money stole  
From me, to give it thee, for which to vex thy  
Soule, I'll turne him forth of doores, make him  
Thy heire, of Iayles, miseries, curses, and dispaire;  
For here I disinherit him of all.

*O. Fost.* No matter, land to him in heaven will fall.

*Wife.* Good Husband.

*M. Fost.* Gentle brother. *Rob.* Deare Vncle.

*Ste.* I am deafe.

*O. Fost.* And damn'd, the devils thumbs stop thine eares.

*Ste.*

*Ste.* I'll make thee wash those curses off with teares,

Keeper, away with him out of my sight, :  
And doe Sir, as I charg'd you.

*Keep.* Yes Sir; I will.

*O. Fost.* Poore tyranny; when Lions weake Lambs kill. *Ex.*

*Ste.* How now wife, art vext yet?

*Wife.* Never so well content, beleeeve me Sir;  
Your mildnesse weares this maske of cruelty well.

*Ste.* I'm glad th'are gone, mine eyes with raine did swell,  
And much adoe they had from powring downe:  
The Keeper knows my minde, Wife I have paid  
My brothers debts, and when he's out of doore,  
To march to Newgate, he shall be set free.

*Wife.* O let me kisse thee for this charity;  
But for your Cozin Sir.

*Ste.* He's my lives best health,  
The Boy shall not miscarry for more wealth  
Than *London* Gates locke safe up every night,  
My breath in blacke clouds flyes, my thoughts  
Are white.

*Wife.* Why from *Ludgate* doe you remove prisoners?

*Ste.* This is my meaning wife;  
I'll take the priton downe and build it new,  
With Leads to walke on, Roomes large and faire:  
For when my selfe lay there, the noysome ayre,  
Choakt up my spirits, and none better know,  
What prisoners feelee, than they that taste the woe,  
The workmen are appointed for the businesse,  
I will ha't dispatcht before 'tis thought on.

*Wife.* In good deeds I will walke hand in hand with you,  
There is a faire tenement, adjoyning close to the Gate  
That was my fathers, I'll give it freely, take it downe,  
And adde so much ground to the worke.

'Tis fairely given.  
Thy soule on prisoners prayers shall mount to heaven:  
The Plummers and the Workemen have survey'd the ground  
From *Paddington*; from whence I'll have laid pipes

Long to London to convey sweet water into Ludgate;  
 From fresh Springs: when charity tunes the pipe the  
 Poore man sings.

*Enter Keeper.*

How now Keeper.

*Keeper.* The prisoners are remov'd Sir.

*Ste.* What did you with my brother?

*Keeper.* As you commanded Sir, I have discharged him.

*Ste.* How did he meet that unexpected kindnesse?

*Keeper.* Troth Sir, as a man or'come 'twixt griefe and gladnes,  
 But turning to his sonne, he fetcht a sigh  
 So violent, as if his heart would breake,  
 And silent, wept, having no power to speake,

*Wife.* 'Las good old man, some sweet bird must sing,  
 And give his sorrowes present comforting.

*Ste.* Not yet, I'l wracke his sorrowes to the height,  
 And of themselves they'l then sinke softly downe;  
 Keeper, goe thou agen after my brother,  
 Charge in my name him and his sonne to appeare  
 Before the King, to whom I will make knowne  
 Their wrongs against me; shewing just cause  
 To disinherit both by course of law. Be gone.

*Keeper.* I am gone Sir. *Exit.* *Ste.* Come Wife.

*Wife.* What's your meaning Sir?

*Ste.* Thou shall know that anon.  
 The heavens oft scowle, clouds thicken, winds blow high,  
 Yet the brightest Sunne cleares all, and so will I. *Exeunt.*

*Enter, Henry the third, Mountford, Pembroke, Arundell,  
 Lord Maior, Sheriff, Justice, Cardinall, Bru-*  
*ine, &c.*

*King.* O! welcome is all love, our peoples shouts  
 In their hearts language, make our benvenues,  
 Most high and soveraigne; we returne all thanks  
 Vnto our loving Cittizens, chiefly to you Sir,  
 Whose pious worke invites our Majesty to royallize  
 This place with our best presence, accompanied with this  
 Reverend Cardinall; would we might, after many broyles,  
 End our dayes in these religious toyles;



We would worke most faithfully; but bounteous Sir,  
How doe you call your buildings?

*Brn.* Vnlesse it please your Majesty to change it,  
I call it, *Domus Dei.*

*King.* The house of God, it is too good to change, pray you  
proceede.

*Brn.* These are my ends to all distressed Christians,  
Whose trauailes this way bends the hospitall,  
Shall free souccour be, for three dayes, and three nights  
Sojourne, for dyet, and lodging, both sweet, and  
Satisfying; and if their neede be such, as much in  
Coyn, as shall for three dayes more defray their  
Further trauaile; this unto heaven, be you  
Testator, good my Liege, and witnesse with me, noble  
Gentlemen, most free and faithfully, I dedicate.

*King.* An honourable worke, and deserves large memory.

*Moun.* 'Tis a good example, 'tis pittie 'tis no better followed.

*Arun.* But say Sir, now in some future age, perhaps some  
two or three hundred yeere behinde us, this place  
Intended for a use so charitable, should bee  
Vnhallowed agen, by villanous inhabitants; say whores,  
In the stead of christians, and your hospitable  
Tenements, turn'd into stewes; would not this grieve  
You in your grave?

*Brn.* If my grave were capable of griefe: sure it would Sir.

*King.* Prethee be a false Prophet.

*Arun.* I will, if I can, my Lord.

*King.* Let now our Heraulds in the streets proclaime,  
The title, and office, of this hospitall;  
Make knowe to all distressed travellers, that  
We'll accept this charitable house, this *Domus Dei*:  
Shall be their free sojourne, as is propos'd.

*Enter the one way, Stephens Wife, the other, Mistris  
Foster, Jane, Old Foster, Robert and Kesper.*

*All kneele.*

*King.* What are these petitioners?

*Rob.* Each hath a knee for duty, the other for petition,

*King.* Rise, your dutie's done, your petitions shall neede  
No knees, so your intents be honest, does  
None here know them?

*Ste.* Yes my good Lord, there's now a wonder in your sight.

*King.* A wonder, Master Sheriffe, you meane for beauty.

*Ste.* No my Lege, I would not so boast mine  
Owne wife, but 'tis a wonder that excels beauty.

*King.* A wonder in a woman; What is't I prethee?

*Ste.* Patience my Leige, this is a woman that  
Was never vext.

*King.* You may boast it largely; 'tis a subjects happinesse  
Above a Queenes; Have you suites to us?

*Rob.* I am the suppliant plaintiffe, royall *Henry*  
From me their griefes take their originall.

*King.* What art thou?

*Rob.* Even what your Grace shall please to make of me;  
I was the son to this distressed father, untill he  
Tooke his paternity off, and threw me from his love,  
Then I became son to mine Vncle by adoption,  
Who likewise that hath tane away againe,  
And throwne me backe to poverty; never was  
Son so tost betwixt two fathers, yet knowes  
Not one, for still the richest does despise his heire,  
And I am backe expulst into despaire.

*King.* This may your vices cause.

*Rob.* For that I come to your impartiall censure for a doome.

*King.* We heare, speake on, we know the parties,  
Each one relate his grieve, and if it lye in us,  
We'll yeeld reliefe; 'tis his requirment that we  
Know of you Sir, the cause of this your Sonnes disinheritance

*O. Fast.* Before I understood his vertuous minde,  
Or weighed his disposition to be kind,

I did that froward worke; This now great man,  
Was an unthrifty wretch, a prodigall then.

And I disdain'd to know his brotherhood,  
Denyed reliefe to him; this childe kinde and good  
Against my contradiction, did him releeve, as his

Distressed Vncle, at this I chide; for bade,  
 Still hee holds on his course,  
 He growes more kinde, and he in wasting worse;  
 My rage continued as it had begun,  
 And in that rage I threw away my sonne.

*Ste.* The like plead I, my Lord: for when my state  
 Had rais'd it selfe by an uncertaine fate,  
 I tooke this out-cast childe, made him my owne,  
 As full and free, as I my selfe had sowne  
 The seede that brought him forth; for this my loue,  
 His oblig'd duty presently did prove  
 A traytor to my trust, against my will,  
 Succouring that foe, which I did love so ill;  
 Onely for hating him; my charity being thus  
 Abus'd, and quit with injurie, what could I then  
 But as his father erst, so I agen might throw  
 Him from my love? for worse is love abus'd  
 Then new borne hate, and should be soe refus'd:  
 I did a fathers part, if it were bad,  
 Blame him for both, there I my patterne had.

*King.* You fall betwixt two pillars Sir, is't not so?

*Rob.* Vnhappy fate, my Lord, yet thus I pleade:  
 For this my fathers hate I might deserve,  
 I broke his precepts, and did unchildly swerve  
 From his commission, I to my Vncle gave  
 What was my fathers, striving thereby to save  
 His false repute; he rag'd, I did it still,  
 Yet must confesse as it was well, ~~ruin'd~~ ill,  
 Well in my love, me thought, ill to my fate:  
 For I thereby ruin'd my owne estate,  
 But that mine Vncle throwes me forth of doore  
 For the same cause he tooke me in before,  
 Beats forest, gainst my bosome; iftwere good  
 To take from a father for an Vncles foode,  
 In lawes of love and nature, how much rather  
 Might I abridge an Vncle for a father?  
Charitie's, a vertue generally stands,



And should disperfed be through all mens hands;  
 Then would you keep't alone; for when your heire  
 I first adopted was, charity was there:  
 How er's your judgement then? fceing you fee  
 What was good in you, makes fin in mee;  
 You'l say my father did it, oh throw away  
 That foule excufe; let not difcretion stray  
 So farrea fide; if custome lawfull make,  
 Then fin were lawfull for example fake;  
 Nor were thofe wafte'd goods only your owne,  
 Since part was mine having adoption;  
 Then doe him right, my Lord, yet doe no wrong,  
 For where my duty fail'd my love was ftrong.

*King.* With an impartiall care we have heard your  
 Loving ftory, 'tis both fayre and honeft.

*Ste.* O let me now anticipate your Grace,  
 And cafting off the shadow of a face,  
 Shew my hearts true figure, how have I ftriv'd  
 To make this forc't counterfeit long liu'd,  
 And now it burfts; come into my heart,  
 I have two iewells here fhall never part  
 From my loves eye watch, two worthy to be fil'd,  
 On times beft record; a woman and a child,  
 Now Sir, to you I come, we muft be friends,  
 Though envie wils not fo, yet love contends  
 Gainft envy and her forces; my young yeares  
 Say I muft offer firft, a peace in teares.

*O. Feft.* O let my flame my bosomes center breake!  
 Love is fo young it coy'es, but cannot fpeake.

*King.* You bleffe mine eyes with objects that become  
 The theater of Kings to looke upon.

*Ste.* The keeper is discharg'd Sir, your debts are paid,  
 And from the prifon yare a new free man made:  
 Theres not a Creditor can afke you ought,  
 As your fonne did forme, fo have I bought  
 Your liberty with mine, and to encrease it more,  
 Becaufe I know bare liberty is poore

Without assistance : to raise your state agen,  
The thirds of mine are yours, say you Amen.

*Wife.* No, not to that, you are kind brothers now,  
Divide by halfe that love, and I'll allow.

*Ste.* Thou art onely wise in vertue, as thou setst downe,  
So let it be, halfe my estate's your owne.

*O. Fost.* It whole redownes agen, for I am yours;  
Forget this minute my forgetfull houres.

*Ste.* O, they are buried all Sir. (therhood.

*King.* This union's good, such league should ever be in bro-

*Ste.* Yet without boast, my Leige, let me relate  
One small thing more, remorse of my owne state,  
And my deare brothers worse succession;  
For that we both have prisoners been in one  
Selfe-same place of woe, and felt those throwes  
That *Ludgate* yeelds; my charity bestowes  
Some almes of comfort: Keeper you can speake it.

*Keep.* And many hundreds more Sir, you have reedified  
And built it faire, adding more ground to it,  
And by pipes of lead from *Paddington*, drawne  
Water thither, free for all prisoners, lodgings  
Likewise free, and a hundred pounds yearely, to make  
Them fires for better comfort: all this is almost finisht:

*Kin.* A worthy work, the better being done in the Founders eie,  
Not left unto succession.

*Ste.* O my good Lord, I ever keep in mind an English  
Sentence, which my tutor is, and teaches me to act my  
Charity with mine owne hands, so doubtfull is  
Performance, when the Benefactor's dead.

*King.* What is't I prethee?

*Ste.* This my good Lord, women are forgetfull.  
Children unkind, Executors covetous, and take what they find,  
If any man aske where the deads goods became,  
The Executor sweares he dyed a poore man.

*King.* You have prevented well, so has this good Alderman,  
I wish you many Schollers.

*Wife.* You make some doubt of me in this Sir;

Did you not say that women were forgetfull,

*King.* You have vext her now Sir, how doe you answer that?

*Ste.* No my Lord, she's exempt from the proverbe.

*Wife.* No my Lord, I'll helpe it better, I doe confesse

That women are forgetfull, yet ne'r the lesse

I am exempt, I know my fate, and finde

My deare husband must not leave me behind,

But I must goe before him, and 'tis said,

The grave's good rest when women goe first to bed.

*Ste.* Thankes for thy excuse good wife, but not thy love

To fill my grave before me, I would not live to see that day.

*Wife.* Prethee no more, I had rather be angry than flatter'd.

*King.* You have a wonder Master Sheriffe, a prizelesse jewell.

*Ste.* Many jewels my good Lord; a brother, wife, and child,

For this I would have strove even with a father,

How ere rough stormes did in my brows appeare,

Within my bosome it was alwaies cleare.

*O. Fost.* I give him to you now Sir.

*Ste.* I take him, and to him backe doe give,

All that my selfe behind in state shall leave.

*O. Fost.* And all that you gave me, I doe bestow,

So in one houre become full heire to two.

*Bru.* I claime a third by this bonds vertue,

See as a third father, thou art heire to those.

*Iane.* I will not goe to him father on any of these conditions.

*Rob.* You shall have love to boote too, sweet *Iane*.

*Iane.* Nay, and you play booty, I dare not trust you,

*Rob.* What shall I give except my hand and heart,

Ty'de in a True-loves Knot, ne'r to part.

*Iane.* I marry Sir, these are better conditions than the

Inheritance of three fathers; let me have

Love in *Esse*, let lands follow in *Posse*:

Now I'll have thee as fast as the Priest

Can dispatch us, let him read as fast as he can.

*King.* The liveliest harmony that ere I heard:

All instruments compar'd to these sweet tunes,

Are dull and harsh; I joy to see so good a child.



A woman wonder, brothers reconcil'd;  
You worthy Sir, did invite us to a feast,  
Wee'l not forget it, but will bee your guest,  
Because wee'l vew these wonders o're agen,  
Whose records doe deserve a brazen Pen,  
But this above the rest, in golden text,  
Shall be insculpt; A Woman never Vext.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

no C





